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Historic Hadley

Quarter Millennial Souvenir, 1659

1659-1909

Authorized by the Celebration Committee
Contains the Official Program and Many
Attractive Pictures and a Great Variety
of Reading Matter of General Interest

Edited by Clifton Johnson

1909



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Silk Manufacturers

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Corner Main and Gothic Streets

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ESTABLISHED 1842

Deposits, \$4,872,559.43. Guaranty Fund and Profit and Loss, \$343,500.

Open 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Saturdays 9 A. M. to Noon.

President—Oliver Walker.

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Secretary—T. G. Spaulding.

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Deposits of one to one thousand dollars received, and interest allowed on balances up to two thousand dollars. Deposits go on interest on the first Wednesdays of January, April, July and October. Dividends payable on and after the first Wednesdays of April and October.

S. D. DRURY, Treasurer

1871

George Washington University

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Office of the President

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Nonotuck Savings Bank

57 Main Street
Northampton
Mass.



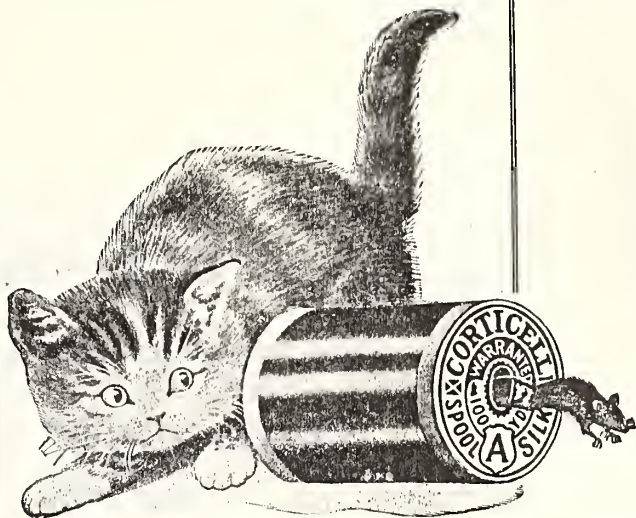
Open daily, except Sundays and
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First Wednesday of March
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Corticelli is used in the making. Insist there-
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It costs You no more than poorer silk.



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A full line of books and stationery usually carried in a well-ordered book store. ¶ We have an assortment of books written by Hadley authors and local histories are also supplied. ¶ Post cards and other souvenirs of this vicinity. ¶ Libraries supplied. ¶ Engraving done.

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First National Bank

Northampton, Massachusetts

Capital and Surplus, \$500,000 Deposits, \$1,100,000

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WARREN M. KING, Vice-Pres. and Cashier

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LIES IN ITS CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND PROFITS
AND THE INTEGRITY OF ITS DIRECTORATE : :**

The Northampton National Bank
Northampton, - - Massachusetts

HAS

Capital	=	\$200,000
Surplus	=	200,000
Undivided Profits		123,000
Deposits	=	1,250,000

ITS DIRECTORS ARE

HENRY R. HINCKLEY
FRANK N. LOOK
CHARLES N. CLARK
CHAUNCEY H. PIERCE
SAMUEL D. DRURY

HENRY L. WILLIAMS
O. WENDELL EDWARDS
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OFFICIAL PROGRAM FOR THE FOUR DAYS OF THE HADLEY QUARTER-MILLENNIAL CELEBRATION



SUNDAY, AUGUST 1

MEMORIAL DAY

10:30 A. M. Anniversary sermons in all churches in Hadley and in daughter towns, all using the same text:—"Other men labored and ye are entered into their labors." John 4:38.

Solemn High Mass celebrated in St. John's Church.

10:45. Special service followed by Holy Communion in First Congregational Church.

4:00 P. M. Commemoration Service, in tent on West Street. J. R. Callahan, Esq., Presiding Officer.

Selection by orchestra.

Invocation.

Anthem. "God of the Hills." Music composed for this occasion by R. E. Olmstead, words written by Miss Susan Woodbridge for the bi-centennial celebration.

Hymn. Congregation standing.

Chorus. Gounod's Sanctus.

Address. Rev. Walter de Forest Johnson

Chorus. "Holy art thou," Handel's Largo.

Address. Ex-Mayor Theobald M. Connor of Northampton.

Chorus. "The Heavens are Telling," Haydn's Creation.

Hymn.

Benediction.

(The chorus is made up of singers from the home town, from all the daughter towns and from Northampton.)

7:30 P. M. First Congregational Church. Vesper Service and Organ Recital given by Ralph Brigham of the First Congregational Church in Northampton.

St. John's Church. Vespers.

MONDAY, AUGUST 2

REUNION DAY

Registration of visitors at headquarters in Town Hall.

Historical Exhibit in the Center School Building. Art and Literature Exhibits in the Public Library.

Renewal of old acquaintances; views about town; pilgrimages to the cemetery; excursions to Mt. Holyoke, and to Mt. Tom and other places easily reached by electric car.

Noon. Family gatherings on sites of ancestral homes.

Eastmans' headquarters at Mrs. George Clark's.

Dickinsons' headquarters near H. R. & E. L. Cook's.

Huntingtons', at the Bishop Huntington homestead.

Montagues', near Wm. Keefe's.

Hubbards', near Mrs. Fred Bell's.

Other groups scattered about town.

3:00 P. M. Joint Reunion in tent on West Street. Presiding Officer Principal Clarence B. Roote of Northampton.

Tribute to Rev. John Russell. By Hon. George Sheldon of Deerfield.

Story and exhibition of a chair belonging to the Russell household and used by the Regicides. Rev. A. N. Somers, Montague.

Other addresses on topics of common interest.

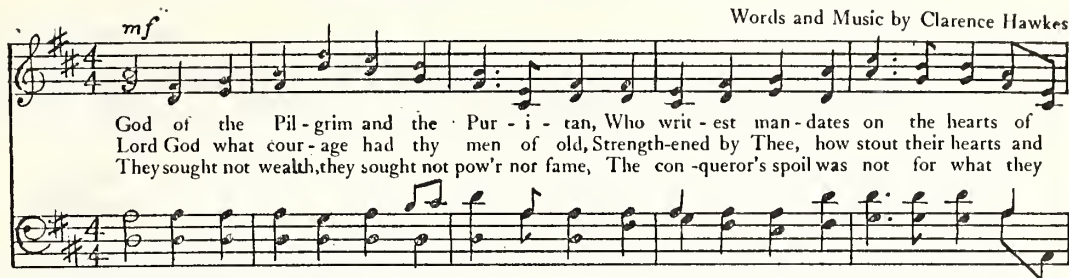
7:30 P. M. Historical address by Hon. M. F. Dickinson at Amherst together with exercises in observance of the sesqui-centennial of the separation of that town from Hadley.

7:30 P. M. Reception and Dance of Hopkins Academy Alumni in the new Academy building. All persons who ever attended Hopkins Academy are invited.

God of Our Fathers--A Hadley Hymn

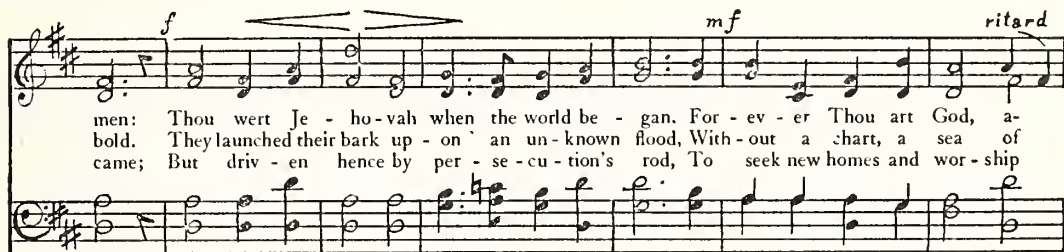
Words and Music by Clarence Hawkes

mf



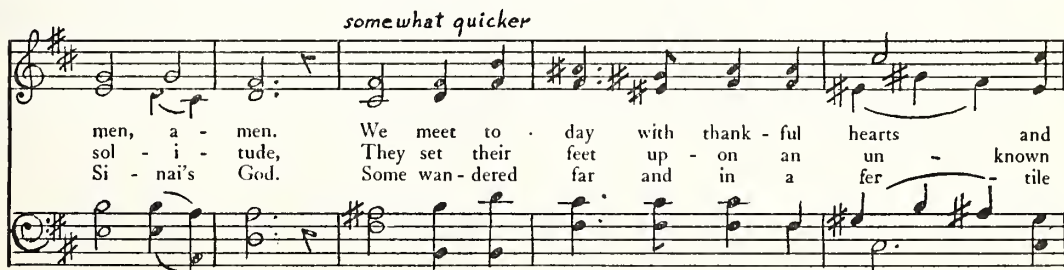
God of the Pil-grim and the Pur-i-tan, Who writ-est man-dates on the hearts of
 Lord God what cour-age had thy men of old, Strength-ened by Thee, how stout their hearts and
 They sought not wealth, they sought not pow'r nor fame, The con-queror's spoil was not for what they

f *mf* *ritard*



men: Thou wert Je-ho-vah when the world be-gan. For-ev-er Thou art God, a-
 bold. They launched their bark up-on an un-known flood, With-out a chart, a sea of
 came; But driv-en hence by per-se-cu-tion's rod, To seek new homes and wor-ship

somewhat quicker



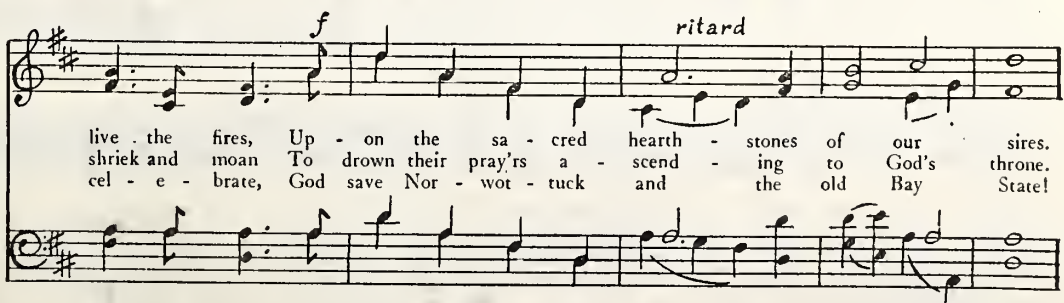
men, a-men. We meet to-day with thank-ful hearts and
 sol-i-tude. They set their feet up-on an un-known
 Si-nai's God. Some wan-dered far and in a fer-tile

ff *mf*



free, loy-al to coun-try and loy-al, God, to Thee, To feed the flames and keep a-
 strand, wild, weird and des-o-late on ev-ry hand, And wind and wave did thun-der
 vale Nor-wot-tuck built and build-ed not to fail. Her na-tal year to-day we

f *ritard*

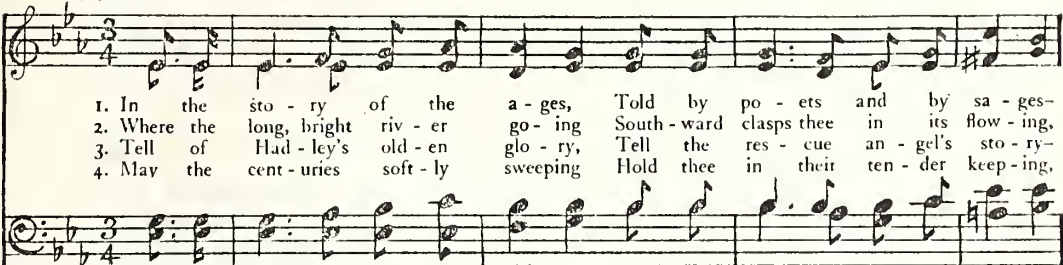


live the fires, Up-on the sa-cred hearth-stones of our sires.
 shriek and moan To drown their pray'rs a-scend-ing to God's throne.
 cel-e-brate, God save Nor-wot-tuck and the old Bay State!

A Song of Hadley

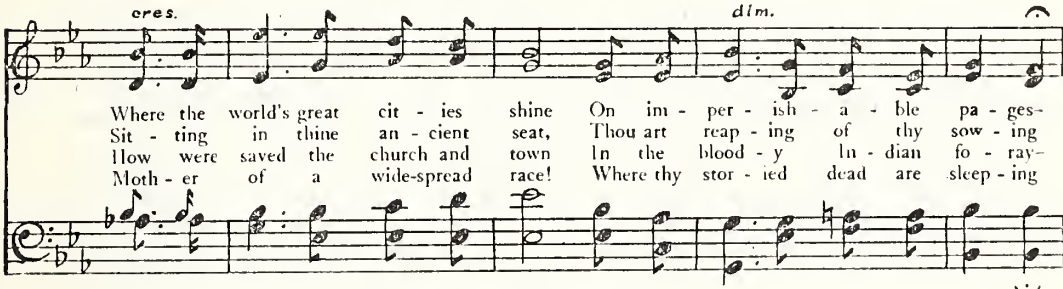
Words by Julia Taft Bayne

Music by Clifton Johnson



1. In the sto - ry of the a - ges, Told by po - ets and by sa - ges -
 2. Where the long, bright riv - er go - ing South - ward clasps thee in its flow - ing,
 3. Tell of Had - ley's old - en glo - ry, Tell the res - cue an - gel's sto - ry -
 4. May the cent - uries soft - ly sweeping Hold thee in their ten - der keep - ing,

cres. *dim.*



Where the world's great cit - ies shine On im - per - ish - a - ble pa - ges -
 Sit - ting in thine an - cient seat, Thou art reap - ing of thy sow - ing
 How were saved the church and town In the blood - y In - dian fo - ray - ing
 Moth - er of a wide - spread race! Where thy stor - ied dead are sleep - ing



Stands no name more loved than thine, Dear Old Had - ley!
 With thy chil - dren round thy feet, Moth - er Had - ley!
 Tell of all her fair re - nown, Brave Old Had - ley!
 In their an - cient hon - ored place, Dear Old Had - ley!

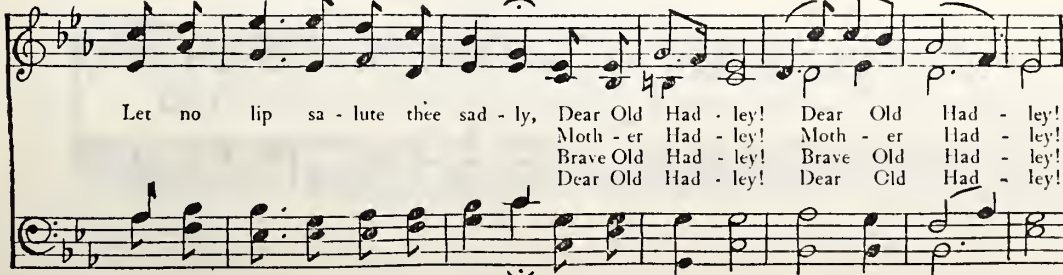
Chorus

more animation



And we sing thy prais - es glad - ly, Elm - bow'ed, tran - quil Had - ley;

ritard



Let no lip sa - lute thee sad - ly, Dear Old Had - ley! Dear Old Had - ley!
 Moth - er Had - ley! Moth - er Had - ley!
 Brave Old Had - ley! Brave Old Had - ley!
 Dear Old Had - ley! Dear Old Had - ley!

THEORY

1. The first part of the theory is the definition of the function $f(x)$ and the function $g(x)$.

2. The second part of the theory is the definition of the function $h(x)$ and the function $k(x)$.

3. The third part of the theory is the definition of the function $l(x)$ and the function $m(x)$.

4. The fourth part of the theory is the definition of the function $n(x)$ and the function $o(x)$.

5. The fifth part of the theory is the definition of the function $p(x)$ and the function $q(x)$.

6. The sixth part of the theory is the definition of the function $r(x)$ and the function $s(x)$.

7. The seventh part of the theory is the definition of the function $t(x)$ and the function $u(x)$.

8. The eighth part of the theory is the definition of the function $v(x)$ and the function $w(x)$.

9. The ninth part of the theory is the definition of the function $x(x)$ and the function $y(x)$.

10. The tenth part of the theory is the definition of the function $z(x)$ and the function $aa(x)$.

11. The eleventh part of the theory is the definition of the function $ab(x)$ and the function $ac(x)$.

12. The twelfth part of the theory is the definition of the function $ad(x)$ and the function $ae(x)$.

13. The thirteenth part of the theory is the definition of the function $af(x)$ and the function $ag(x)$.

14. The fourteenth part of the theory is the definition of the function $ah(x)$ and the function $ai(x)$.

15. The fifteenth part of the theory is the definition of the function $aj(x)$ and the function $ak(x)$.

16. The sixteenth part of the theory is the definition of the function $al(x)$ and the function $am(x)$.

17. The seventeenth part of the theory is the definition of the function $an(x)$ and the function $ao(x)$.

18. The eighteenth part of the theory is the definition of the function $ap(x)$ and the function $aq(x)$.

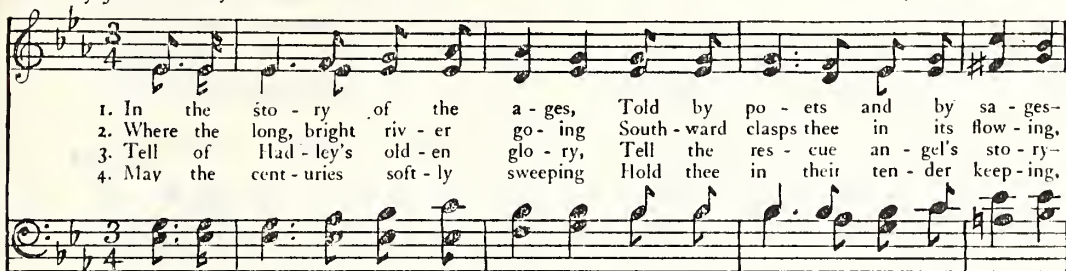
19. The nineteenth part of the theory is the definition of the function $ar(x)$ and the function $as(x)$.

20. The twentieth part of the theory is the definition of the function $at(x)$ and the function $au(x)$.

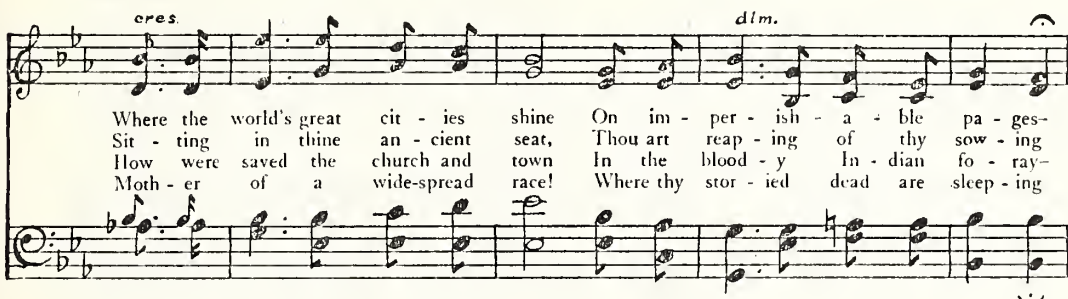
A Song of Hadley

Words by Julia Taft Bayne

Music by Clifton Johnson



1. In the sto - ry of the a - ges, Told by po - ets and by sa - ges -
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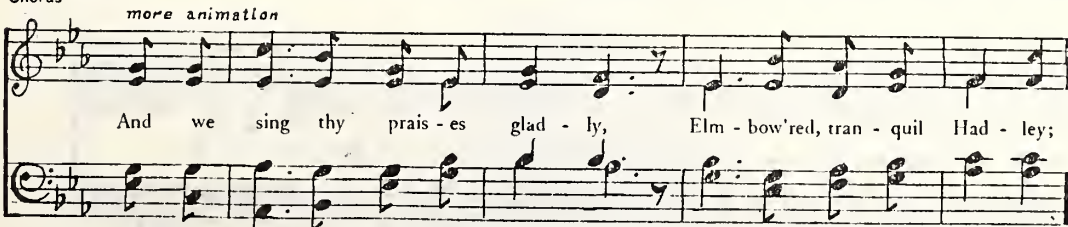


cres. Where the world's great cit - ies shine On im - per - ish - a - ble pa - ges -
 Sit - ting in thine an - cient seat, Thou art reap - ing of thy sow - ing
 How were saved the church and town In the blood - y In - dian fo - ray -
 Moth - er of a wide-spread race! Where thy stor - ied dead are sleep - ing
dim.

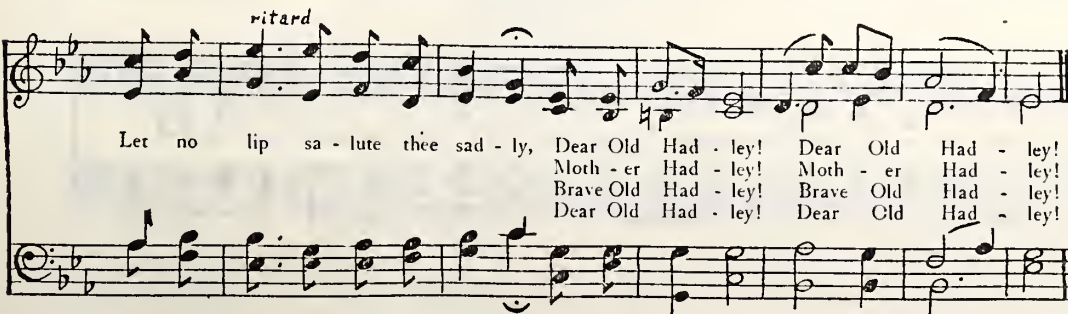


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Chorus



more animation
 And we sing thy prais - es glad - ly, Elm - bow'ed, tran - quil Had - ley;



ritard
 Let no lip sa - lute thee sad - ly, Dear Old Had - ley! Dear Old Had - ley!
 Moth - er Had - ley! Moth - er Had - ley!
 Brave Old Had - ley! Brave Old Had - ley!
 Dear Old Had - ley! Dear Old Had - ley!

OFFICIAL PROGRAM CONTINUED

TUESDAY, AUGUST 3

9:30 A. M. Firemen's Muster.

Hose races between Hatfield and Hadley companies.

Various exhibits open.

2:30 P. M. Hopkins Academy observances.

Flag Raising and Presentation by Classes of '89 and '95.

Other Class Exercises.

Address by Hon. J. C. Hammond, President of the Board of Trustees, accepting class gifts and dedicating building.

Building opened for public inspection.

4:00 P. M. Base ball game on new field between Academy and Alumni teams.

7:30 P. M. Patriotic Rally. Hon. R. W. Irwin of Northampton, Chairman. (To be held in the tent.)

Reception at which Posts of G. A. R., Chapters of S. A. R. and D. A. R., Camps of S. of V. and ladies' organizations associated with them will be invited to meet the members of the Hooker Association of Massachusetts.

Address on behalf of Hooker Association by the Rev. A. St. John Chambré, D.D., Surgeon of 8th N. J. Infantry of Hooker's Division.

Address on behalf of S. A. R. and D. A. R. by the Ex-President General of the National Society of S. A. R.

Address by a naval officer in the Spanish War.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 4

9:30 A. M. Street Pageant. L. R. Smith, Chief Marshal.

Division one: Floats depicting events in Hadley History.

Division two: Floats contributed by daughter and sister towns.

Division three: Ancient modes of travel.

Division four: Hadley of to-day: societies and industries.

Division five: Decorated carriages.

Division six: Decorated automobiles.

11:00 A. M. Anniversary exercises.

Festival Anthem. "God of the Hills." Invocation.

Address of welcome. O. W. Prouty, for the Selectmen, introducing also the President of the Day, Judge Henry Stockbridge of Baltimore.

Hymn. Words and music by Clarence Hawkes. (Congregation standing.)

Greetings from the State of Massachusetts. Lieut.-Governor Louis A. Frothingham.

Greetings from Hadleigh, England.

Historical Address by President W. E. Huntington of Boston University.

A Song of Hadley. Words by Mrs. Julia Taft Bayne. Music by Clifton Johnson.

Poem. John Howard Jewett.

1:00 P. M. Dinner.

Concert by Stevens Band.

2:30 P. M. Speeches in the tent by representatives of mother, sister and daughter towns and by other distinguished guests.

Words by Clarence Hawkes

Gloria

Music by Clifton Johnson

Je - ho - vah, God, for - ev - er Thou art King, Be with us, Lord, and guide us on our way.

Let ev'-ry voice a hal-le-lu-jah sing In praise of Thee up-on our fes-tal day.

CARS OF THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY STREET RAILWAY

for AMHERST or NORTHAMPTON are due at HADLEY TOWN HALL at
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Regular Cars leave Amherst and Northampton on the hour and half hour. Running
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From Northampton the cars of this line run north through all the scenes of greatest historic interest up the Valley. *Hatfield, Mount Sugarloaf*, now a State Reservation free to all, with an excellent Summit, House and footpath up the southern slope; Monument at the scene of the Bloody Brook fight in 1675; *Old Deerfield* and its famous Museum of Colonial and Indian relics; The beautiful County Seat, *Greenfield*; and Turners Falls, the scene of the battle with the Indians in early days. A beautiful ride.

Take a Trolley Trip.

Connecticut Valley Street Railway—Deerfield Division

July 13th to 23d half hour time to and from Hatfield from 8:15 a. m. to 8:15 p. m.

Lv. Northampton for Greenfield	Leave Laurel Park	Leave Hatfield	Leave Maplewood	Leave South Deerfield	Leave Deerfield	Leave Cheapside	Arrive at Greenfield	Leave Greenfield	Leave Cheapside	Leave Deerfield	Leave South Deerfield	Leave Maplewood	Leave Hatfield	Leave Laurel Park	Arrive at Northampton from Greenfield	
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11 10	11 23	Northampton to Hatfield hourly, 1:15 to 7:15—Hatfield to Northampton 1:45 to 7:45 Sundays to Greenfield half hour 11:15 to 8:15—Greenfield 10:45 to 7:45												11 35	11 45	12 00
s—First and last car Sunday.																

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A. McCALLUM & CO.
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A. McCALLUM & CO.

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Williams Manufacturing Company

BASKETS, HOLDFAST PACKAGES

AND

VEENER PACKING CASES

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THE ELMWOOD HOUSE

In the heart of Historic Hadley, on the site of the dwelling in which the regicides were concealed.

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W. N. Potter's Sons & Co.

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and Cement*

Northampton, Mass.

Hadley, Mass.



Middle Street

QUARTER MILLENNIAL SOUVENIR

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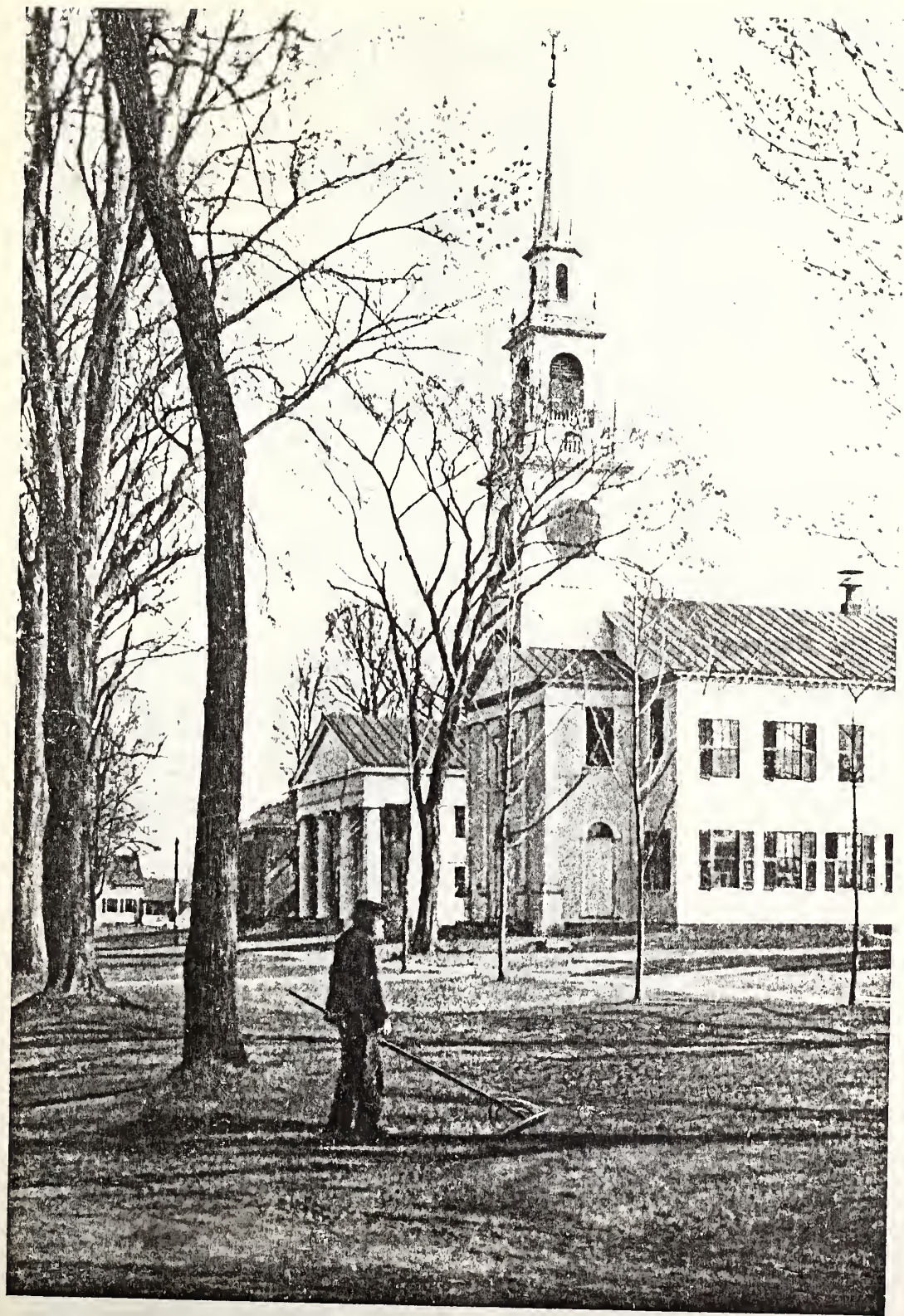
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PAST AND PRESENT

By Clarence Hawkes

ABOUT two hundred and fifty years ago the atmosphere at Hartford and Wethersfield became stifling. It had reached that pass when neighbors lived in sight of each other, and one could not swing the religious flail without hitting his neighbor's head. Moreover, levity had crept into the church, and certain women had taken to wearing gay colors "that did smack of Satan."

As it was plainly seen that sooner or later these two Connecticut towns would share the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah, a goodly company packed up their belongings and started northward, with the avowed purpose of establishing a new town, where ungodliness should not penetrate. They marched on by the twenty-year old town of Springfield until they came to Northampton, then a small settlement of five years' standing. Two and a half miles to the northeast they pitched camp in a grand bend of the Connecticut river. Here they staked out the main street of their new town, making it

twenty rods wide and allowing either end to rest on the river. The length of this broad street, which was destined to become one of the most famous rural avenues in New England was a good English mile, but the length of the river around the bow was seven miles.



A colonial doorway

Presently the settlers built a palisade nine feet high on either side of the broad street. The butts of some of the cedar posts used in its construction were until recently occasionally encountered in ploughing our gardens; so it will be seen that the palisade ran just back of the buildings on either side of the street.

The position that the settlers had chosen was guarded on three sides by the broad Connecticut, and on these sides the Indians could only reach them by crossing the river in their canoes. To guard against this a watch was at first kept day in and day out. A watch was also kept to the east, which was really the most exposed side, being heavy timber land.

As the street was very broad two roads were laid out, one on either side; and finally along each road was planted a double row of elms.



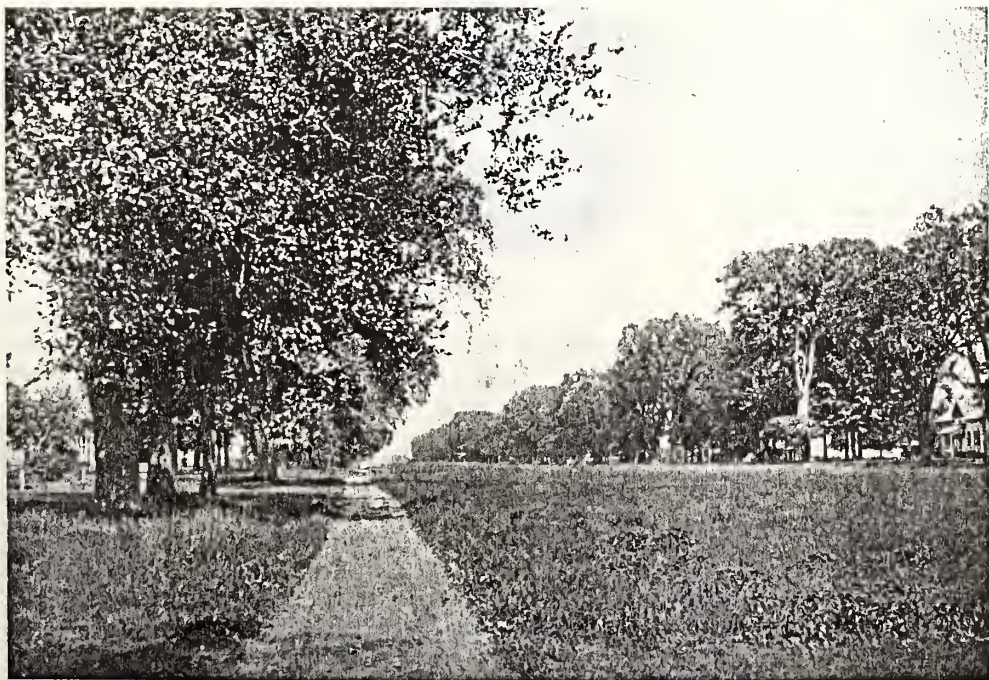
The site of the first minister's house

For the first twenty-five years, until after the close of King Philip's War, the children, the cattle and the geese, were all pastured on the broad common between the two roads. As long as the children and the cattle did not stray beyond the confines of

might not know how many white warriors had died. In 1675, after Northampton had been attacked and nearly burned, an expedition was organized in Hadley to proceed against King Philip in his stronghold at Turners Falls. Two hundred volunteers marched away on this perilous expedition. Finally their destination was reached, and a bloody battle was fought, the leader of the forces losing his life.

For half the way back to Hadley the little force was pursued and harried by a running fight.

After this time for one hundred years the Connecticut Valley settlements were quiet and prosperous, devoting



The famous broad street

the palisades they were comparatively safe.

Many hardships were endured, and all the new-made graves in the settlement were for years obliterated that the Indians

their energies to agriculture and manufacture.

In the Revolutionary War Col. Elijah Porter recruited several companies in this vicinity, and letters from General Wash-

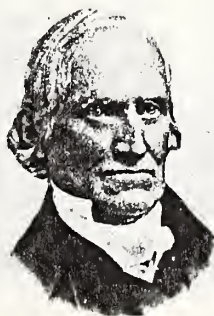
ington to him are still treasured in the family. After Burgoyne surrendered at Saratoga his army on its march to Boston camped one night in Hadley. The General was entertained by Colonel Porter and at parting presented his host with his dress sword, which is one of the heirlooms of the town.

Hadley has been fortunate in her educational institutions. Money was early left for the founding of Hopkins Academy, which bears the distinction of being the oldest classical institution of learning in New England, next to Harvard College. In the olden days Hopkins Academy was a celebrated preparatory school, drawing its scholars from all parts of the colonies.

An amusing story is told of how the practice of dueling, which its Southern scholars occasionally participated in, was finally broken up. One of the Northern boys picked a quarrel with one of the Southern fire-eaters, and



Eldridge Kingsley's studio on wheels



Sylvester Judd

was promptly challenged to a duel. The challenge was accepted, and toward evening the law-breakers, together with their friends and seconds, rowed across the Connecticut to the Hatfield meadows and paced off the desired distance. Both of the duelists were then given pistols, neither of which contained bullets, but this important fact was only known to the Northern boy. At the discharge of the two weapons the Southerner saw his antagonist apparently fall dead and saw him carried

from the field by his friends. Some of the students then told the victor that dueling was not tolerated at the North, and that he would be lynched by the infuriated citizens of Hadley. In terror the young duelist packed up his belongings and disappeared, and he did not return to the school for many months.

Today the wisdom of our forefathers in,



The old Lyman tavern at Hockanum



The Sessions house

planning this broad street and planting it with rows of trees is apparent as never before. The spreading elms, many of them nearly two hundred years old, have grown to gigantic stature in the rich, alluvial soil. When one stands at the upper end of the street and gazes down through its long vista to the twin mountains, Holyoke and Tom, that dream in the distance, he feels how inadequate is language to describe such a scene.

As time went on the center of population moved eastward and another broad street was planned, a quarter of a mile distant from the original one. This street also had either end resting on the Connecticut, and it is likewise adorned with

mighty elms. Finally the historic church was moved to this street, where it still stands.

The entertainment of college girls, from both Smith and Mount Holyoke has become quite an enterprise in town. Two of our citizens have fitted up large old colonial houses, and the girls come hither for many of their class suppers and on all sorts of holidays. In the mellow autumn months the Hadley cider mill is also a favorite shrine of the college girls, and we call them "the tin pail brigade." Sometimes they go to the mill in squads of two or three, and sometimes it is a whole



Birthplace of General Hooker

company. The devices the girls use to get the apple juice on the campus are most ingenious. One autumn, several years ago, the college president observed to his wife that it was remarkable what quantities of



Ancestral homes on the old broad street



The Angel of Hadley

shoes the girls were buying. He said, "Nearly every girl I meet has a shoe box under her arm." A little later the significance of these shoe boxes leaked out. I do not mean the cider, but the fact that each shoe box contained two bottles of the precious liquid.

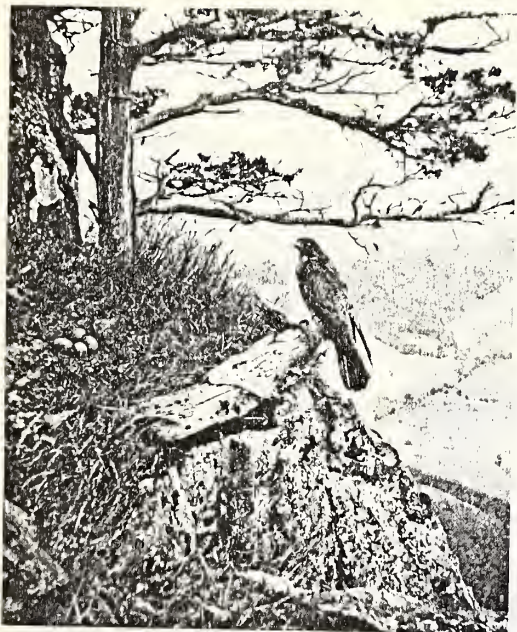
The Right Reverend Frederic Huntington, who retained his ancestral home here all his life, wrote me, just before his death, of his abiding love for the old town. He said, "I call everybody in Hadley my friend. The town, the elms, the river, the outlines of the hills, Mount Holyoke, the very



A glimpse from under the elms

odors grow dearer and lovelier to me every year. Some part of every year since 1819 I have come back to claim my moiety of the interest in the village which we share together. The memories and the stillness, to an old man, are a great rest. I sometimes wish I need never leave my birthplace, but at the last, be buried in it."

Today both the trolley and the steam roads traverse our old street, but when the trolley car and the train have passed we always lapse into our dreamy quiet that nothing in modern civilization seems to disturb.



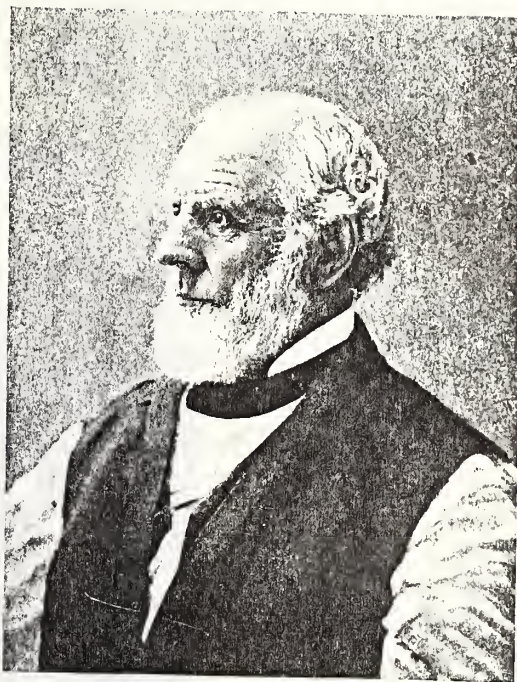
Near the crest of the mountain

BEGINNINGS

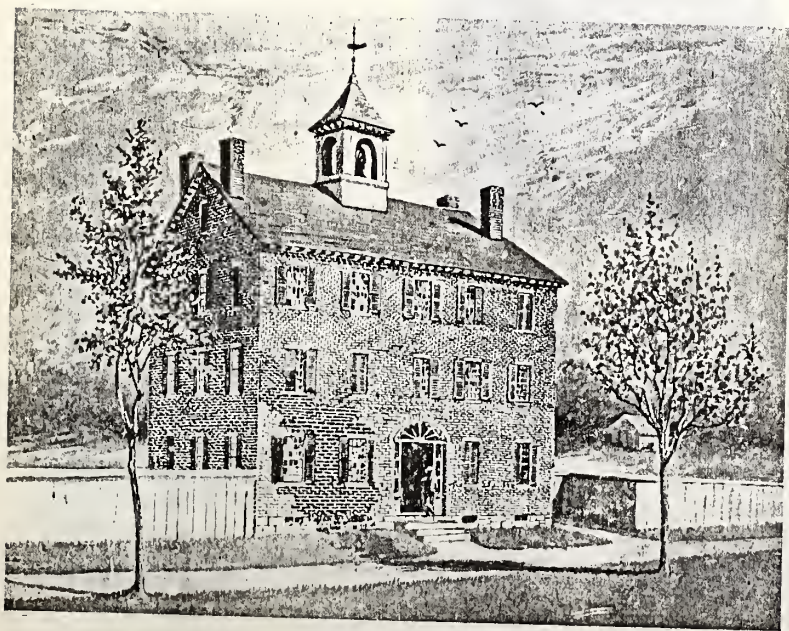
ABOUT two thirds of the original settlers were from Hartford, and one-third from Wethersfield, with a few scattered families from other Connecticut towns. Major John Pynchon of Springfield, aided by two of his fellow townsmen and two Northampton men, laid out the bounds of the new plantation. It extended from the head of the falls above the present

city of Holyoke to Mt. Toby on the east side of the river, and on the west side included a strip above Northampton, two miles wide, from Mill River in Hatfield to Mt. Sugarloaf. The eastward limit was about nine miles from the river.

Most of this land was bought from the Indians by Mr. Pynchon in two parcels.



Bishop Huntington



The first Hopkins Academy

The main purchase was negotiated with three Indian sachems named Chickwallop, Umpanchala and Quonquont. This took in all the land east of the river north of Mt. Holyoke and the mouth of Fort River. From three other Indians he acquired the title to the region lying between the former purchase and Stony Brook in South Hadley.

The Indians were paid seven hundred feet of wampum and a few trinkets; or, as expressed in money, seven hundred and

fifty dollars. This was declared to be a higher rate than had been paid for any other plantation in New England. In fact, we have every reason to think that the price was satisfactory to the Indians, and that they were not conscious of giving up much that was useful or important to themselves.

In signing the deed the Indians, instead of confining themselves to making a mark, usually drew a rude picture. Umpanchala made a bow and string, Chickwallop made a circular figure with a neck to it, and Quonquont made zigzag marks like two or three of the letter W put together.

Just when, in 1659, the settlers arrived we do not know, for the records are meagre; but it may be presumed that they came soon enough to lay out the broad street and homelots, and that some of them built rude dwellings in which they lived during the next winter. The street extended entirely across the neck of a peninsula formed by a long loop of the river.

At first the place was known as the new town, the new plantation, or by the Indian name of Norwottuck, which means "the village in the midst of the river." But in 1661 it received its present name from Hadleigh, a town in the county of Suffolk, England, with which some of the settlers had early associations.

It had been agreed that every planter was to have a homelot of eight acres. Most of these homelots extended away on either side from the spacious street. The deficiency in a few of the homelots, that were less than eight acres, was made up by a grant of extra land in the meadows. Early in 1661 it was voted that the homelots should be well fenced by the middle of April, each man doing his proportion. The ends of the street, and the end of the middle lane which led away easterly to the woods were to be fenced by the town, with posts and rails and gates.

The idea of a street so wide may have been suggested by the Broad-street at Wethersfield. Besides other uses, this in-

closure of about forty acres was very convenient for grazing ground, in the early days when they had but few fenced pastures.

In 1692, Hatfield chose a man to join with some of Northampton and Hadley, "to lay out a way to the Bay for horses and carts if feasible." It was not feasible, and wheels and runners did not pass from Hadley to Boston for many years afterward.

The first bridge in Hadley for horses, oxen and carts was over Fort River on the Springfield road. A committee was chosen to build it in 1661. The early bridges were built by calling out the people to labor, every man according to his estate.

In 1672, John Smith of Hadley, was directed by the Court, "to fell a tree across Swift River for a foot bridge, if any such be near at hand." Such foot bridges were not uncommon.

The Connecticut River formerly flowed close to the lower end of the street. Aquavitæ Meadow has received a great addition from Northampton Meadow, and the enlargement continues against and below the end of the street. The passing between Hadley and Northampton was by a ferry at the lower end of the village. There is no record of a regular ferry at the north end of the street, between Hadley and Hatfield until 1692. Many on the east side owned



An Indian maid

and cultivated land on the west side, and canoes and boats were frequently passing. The ferriage in 1696 was four pence for a man and horse, three pence for a horse or horned beast, and one penny for a man, if paid down in money. If not so paid the ferryman might demand double. At about the same period, Joseph Kellogg, the ferryman at the lower end of the street, was allowed to take double price after daylight till nine o'clock. At later hours, and in storms and floods, those who would cross must agree with the ferryman. This Kellogg, and his son John and grandson



The Kellogg house on the library site



Early home of John Howard Jewett

James kept the ferry until 1758; and Stephen Goodman, who married a daughter of James Kellogg, kept it still later.

There were no sawmills in the old towns of New England for some years after their settlement. Boards and plank were sawed by hand, one man standing on top of the log, and the other in the saw-pit below.

Some of the early settlers of Hadley built commodious houses, before they had the aid of any sawmill. The clapboards of those days were split out like staves, and these helped to supply the deficiency of sawn boards. The first sawmill seems to have been built about 1665 on Mill River in what is now North Hadley.

A gristmill was built on the Hatfield side of the river in 1661 by Thomas Meekins.

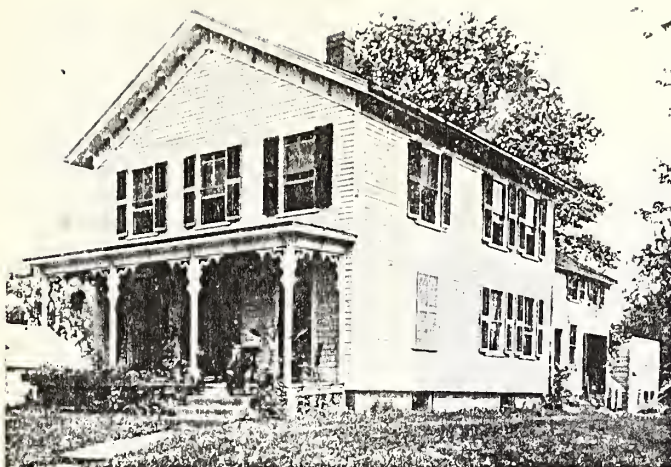
The town voted to have all their grain ground at his mill, "provided he made good meal," and they gave him twenty acres of land near the mill for building it.

About 1670, William Goodwin, one of the trustees of the Hopkins Donation, conceiving that a corn-mill would yield a good income to the Hadley Grammar School, invested a portion of the fund in building a mill at North Hadley. In King Philip's War the mill was garrisoned at times, but in September, 1677, was burned by the Indians who had made an attack on Hatfield. Within a year or two it was rebuilt by Robert Boltwood.

About the first of April, 1676, a number of Hadley men, accompanied by a guard of soldiers, went to Hockanum to do some



An old-time outlook from Mt. Holyoke



Home of "The Blind Poet"

work. One of the party, Deacon Richard Goodman, ventured to go a little beyond his companions to view a fence, and two of the soldiers climbed a near hill. All three were killed, and another soldier was captured by a party of Indians lying in wait. Then away went the savages, yelping in triumph to join the main force of Indians above Northfield.

The Second Indian War, beginning in 1688, brought little destruction of life to this immediate vicinity, though it created disturbance and anxiety. Northfield was deserted leaving Hadley the outpost on the east side of the river. One evening, near Mt. Warner, a hunting party of Indians shot Richard Church, who was also hunting, and in the morning his body, pierced with an arrow and bullet, and scalped, was brought in to his widowed mother. After this the visits of natives to our township were rare and harmless.

In 1682 Gershom Hawks was fined twenty shillings for having a pack of cards and refusing to tell whose they were. That same year he and Joseph Kellogg, Jr., were fined for breach of the Sabbath, having travelled till midnight Saturday.

In 1677 Mrs. Hannah Westcarr, "for wearing silk in a flaunting garb, to the great offence of several sober persons in Hadley," was admonished to reform. This was one of numerous similar cases, and many good men lamented the extravagance of the age, and the love of finery among the women.

THE DAUGHTER TOWNS

THE first settlers of Hadley numbered fifty-three families, and of these six went over the river and made their homes in what is now Hatfield. The land there, under the Indian name of Capawonk, had been ceded to the newcomers by Northampton on condition that they should promptly settle it, "maintain a sufficient fence against hogs and cattle, and pay ten pounds, in wheat and peas."

Hadley was scarcely eight years old when the people of the west side sent to the

Colonial Governor a petition for a separate organization, setting forth the discomfort of being cut off from the center of the town by the river. They spoke of the passing being very difficult and dangerous, both in summer and winter. "Sometimes we come in considerable numbers in rainy



One of the old gravestones

weather, and are forced to stay till we can empty our canoes that are half full of water, and before we can get to the meeting-house, we are wet to the skin. At other times, the winds are high and waters rough, the current strong and the waves ready to swallow us — our vessels tossed up and down so that our women and children do screech and are so affrighted that they are made unfit for ordinances, and cannot hear so as to profit by them, by reason of this anguish of spirit; and when they return, some of them are more fit for their beds than for family duties. Oftentimes some of us have fallen into the river through the ice, and had they not had help they had been drowned.

"There is about four score and ten persons on our side of the river, that are capable of receiving good by ordinances, but it is seldom that above half of them can attend, to the grief of us all. Further, when we go over the river, we leave our relatives and estates lying on the outside of the colony, joining to the wilderness, to be a prey to the heathen, when they see their opportunity. Yet our greatest anxiety is that the Sabbath, which should be kept by us holy to the Lord is spent with such unavoidable distractions."

The inhabitants of the east side argued against this petition, affirming that the combined population was too weak to allow of a division. For several years the matter



Hatfield

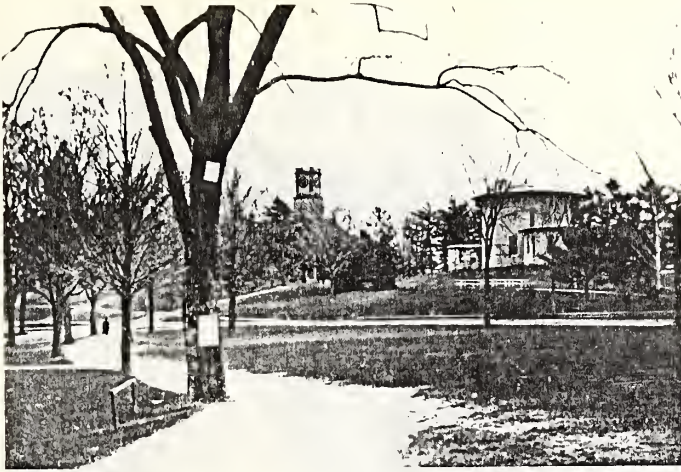
was debated with spirit by both parties, but in 1670 Hatfield was set off as a separate town and the people proceeded to hire a minister at a salary of sixty pounds, payable in wheat and pork.

When Hadley had been settled sixty years the only building in the section of the town south of Mt. Holyoke was a sawmill. The lands were a part of Hadley's great horse and cattle pasture. Permanent homes were not built until about 1725. There is a tradition that parents in Hadley shed tears over their sons and daughters, and implored the blessings of heaven on them, when they left the old village to settle in the woods south of the mountain. Some of the new settlers returned to the home town every Sabbath to attend meeting. Many elderly men, who had always cultivated the rich alluvial soil of Hadley,

doubted whether families could get a living on the uplands of South Hadley, and talked discouragingly to the young people who proposed to remove thither. In the course of time the General Court was petitioned by twenty-one men residing south of Mount Holyoke, who represented that they were eight miles from the place of public worship in Hadley, and the way mountainous and bad. They desired to be a precinct. The request was granted on condition that they had forty families in two years and should settle a learned orthodox minister in



South Hadley

*Amherst*

three years. There were some delays, but in 1733 the community secured a minister, built a house for him and a church. The place became a separate town in 1753.

The settlement of Amherst began about 1727. An Indian war was in progress at the time and the best land was only valued at two or three shillings an acre. The inhabitants increased slowly at first, but by 1757 began to exceed the population of Hadley. The parent village, however, possessed the most property for many years after. In 1759 Amherst became a town.

Granby was at first included in the territory of South Hadley and was set off from the latter place as a town in 1768. It is therefore, strictly speaking, Hadley's grand-daughter. Its settlement began soon after that of South Hadley, and in 1731 there were eight families within its present boundaries.

DR. BONNEY

By F. H. Smith, M.D.

FRANKLIN BONNEY was born Feb. 2, 1822, in the town of Hadley, where the whole of his active life was spent. His preliminary education was finished with a course in Hopkins Academy. Two years at Dartmouth Medical School, together with a course of lectures at Brunswick, Me., gave him his medical degree.

Dr. Bonney began his life work in Hadley in 1847 at the age of twenty-five, buying the practice of Dr. Phil-

emon Stacy. His home was at first near the south end of West Street, but after three years he bought the homestead on which he always afterward lived. The house included in the purchase was burned in 1879, and the next year saw the completion of the mansion that in the immediate future is to be the home of Hopkins Academy.

In the year of his graduation he married Priscilla Whipple of New Hampshire. She died in 1869 and five years later he married Emma W. Peck.

As his practice grew, the field of his labors came to include not only his own town but Northampton, Amherst and South Hadley, and he numbered among his patrons such distinguished families as those of Bishop Huntington and Major Phelps in Hadley, Erastus Hopkins in Northampton, and President Seelye of Amherst. For fifty-three years Dr. Bonney was the only resident physician in nearly that whole time in his part of the town. On different occasions would-be competitors endeavored to gain a foothold and to snatch away from him a portion of his patronage, but each one had to retire discomfited. It was of course inevitable that a time should come when there must be a successor, and the writer bears willing testimony that he would have fared no better than previous aspirants had there not been enlisted in his support that strong ally, old age. When, compelled by weakness and disease, Dr. Bonney at last gave

*Granby*



Fort River bridge

up active work, it doubtless caused him many a pang to feel that those families where he had seen generations spring up, flourish, and pass away, must be at the mercy of callow youth. His cup of sorrow must have run over when it appeared that his few remaining years were not to be spent in his home town. Letters written to a life-long friend and patient contain frequent allusions which show that his final sojourn in the eastern part of the state was little better than an exile.

I can testify to the impress he left on his people who seldom fail to call me to account when I transgress any rule of practice to which he had accustomed them. How very dignified and full of old-fashioned courtesies he was in the sick room, and how jolly and abounding in anecdote he became when the patient began to mend!



The oldest house in Hockanum

Dr. Bonney was strong in chronic diseases and long-continued fevers. He saved every atom of energy and fed his patients carefully. I find his ideas on this subject set forth in a Philadelphia journal in 1893. But the essay which was perhaps the one best remembered by those who knew Dr. Bonney was under the title "A Half Century of Medicine and Surgery." When one reads it carefully one is impressed with the writer's extensive familiarity with medical publications and his ability even at the age of seventy-five to be fully abreast of the times. In it he calls attention to the fact that within his own recollection infectious diseases were not held to be contagious, and children were permitted at the funerals of others who died of such maladies.



Hockanum ferry

Dr. Bonney's training and his habits of thought were acquired too early for him to take kindly to the invasion of the field of internal medicine by the latter-day developments of surgery. He had the patience to "let nature take her course," and if this sometimes led him into disaster, it was no oftener the result than with another who never allowed nature to have a chance.

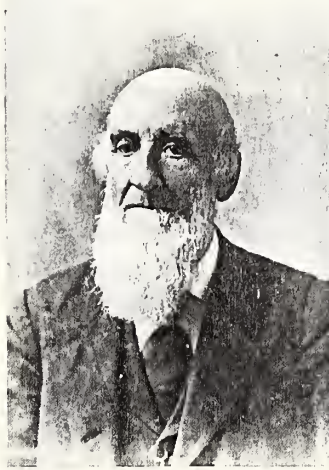
Dr. Bonney served his town as one of the school committee and as cemetery committee. He practically originated and kept alive for many years the only library the town had, some of the time providing room for it in his house and acting as librarian. He was deeply interested in Hopkins Academy, of which he was a trustee just fifty years. In 1869 Amherst gave him the honorary degree of A.M., and in 1873 he represented his district in the legislature. It was a hobby with Dr. Bonney to plant trees, and many a gap in the tall ranks which line Hadley's streets has been filled at his direction. A part of his home lot was devoted to a nursery where he kept growing young trees for the purpose of giving them away for public use. It is told that the good doctor often called down on himself the wrath of thoughtless hucksters because he took the liberty of removing their horses from the neighborhood of his precious trees. He could hardly bear to see any trimming done and was sorely tried when a village improvement society laid ruthless hands on some sprawling evergreens in the cemetery. This occurred after his removal from town. No one would have had the temerity to attempt such work while he was on the ground to object.

Dr. Bonney owned and managed considerable farming land and was interested in all problems connected with the industry.

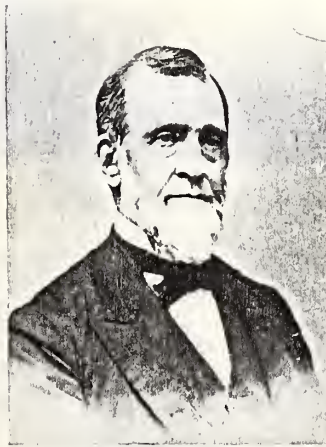
He was always taking notes and making records of even the minutest details which he hoped might be used in a supplement of

the History of Hadley. All the energies he had after his retirement from the practice of medicine were engaged in this work, and he has left a great bulk of material.

Was Dr. Bonney a religious man? Some have thought not. He was not a church member, nor a frequenter of the Sabbath service, though the records of the West Street parish show him to have been influential in many of its activities. Surely his lofty ideals and his consistent altruism must have been founded on a faith more deep and abiding than that which is actuated by considerations of policy. He has passed to his reward. Shall we say that he is dead? Nay, he speaks to us out of the homes he has blessed, out of the institutions he has cherished, out of the very trees he has nurtured. Full many a year will it be ere he can be lost to the memory of a people who, without regard to nationality or creed, united in laying on his grave their floral tribute spelling the words "Our Doctor."



Dr. Bonney



Rev. Rowland Ayres

HOPKINS ACADEMY

EDWARD HOPKINS to whom the town is indebted for its Academy was born in Shrewsbury, England, in the year 1600. He attended the Royal Free Grammar School in his native town and later became a London merchant and made a handsome fortune. After a time he joined

the Puritans as a convert to their doctrines, and in 1637 he came to America.

After a short stay in Boston, where he declined many overtures to settle, he went on to Hartford which he adopted as his place of residence.

He at once became a person of importance in the community, and held various positions of trust and honor including the governorship of the colony for a number of years.

In 1654 he went to England on the

occasion of his brother's death, intending presently to return to his family in New England; but soon after arriving in London he was made Warden of the Fleet and member of Parliament. Owing to these new duties he remained in England and sent for his family. He died in London in 1657.

While in Hartford he was a leading merchant, pushing his trading stations up the river and into the wilderness. Yet this man, so efficient in public affairs and business, was a person of frail frame and feeble health. "He conflicted with bodily infirmities, but especially with a wasting cough which held him for thirty years."

His wife, who from a child had been observed for her desirable qualities, fell into a distempered melancholy some time after she was married, which at last issued in an incurable distraction. "Very grievous was this affliction unto her worthy consort, and he left no part of a tender husband undone, to ease and if it were possible to cure, the lamentable desolation thus come to the desire of his eyes."

We are told that she wrote many books and that, "the loss of her understanding and reason was an infirmity, which had

been growing on her divers years by occasion of her giving herself wholly to reading and writing. Her husband was loath to grieve her, and he saw his error when it was too late. If she had attended her household affairs and such things as belong to women and not gone out of her way and calling, to meddle in such things as are

proper for men whose minds are stronger, she had kept her wits, and might have improved them usefully and honorably in the place God had set her."

Gov. Hopkins was solicitous for the welfare of others outside of his own family. "He considered the poor and put money into the hands of his friends to be by them employed, as they saw opportunity to do good to all, especially to them that are of the household of faith."

Thus it was natural, when he made his will, after providing amply for his wife and leaving such legacies to relatives and friends as he deemed proper,

that he should reserve the residue, "to give some encouragement in those foreign plantations for the breeding of hopeful youths, both at the Grammar School and College, for the public service in future times."



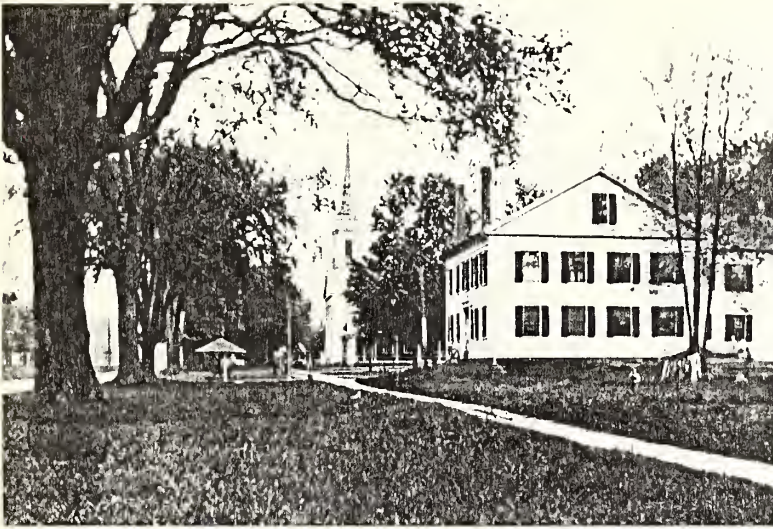
The bar in the Ben Smith Tavern



The Ben Smith Tavern



The blacksmith's shop

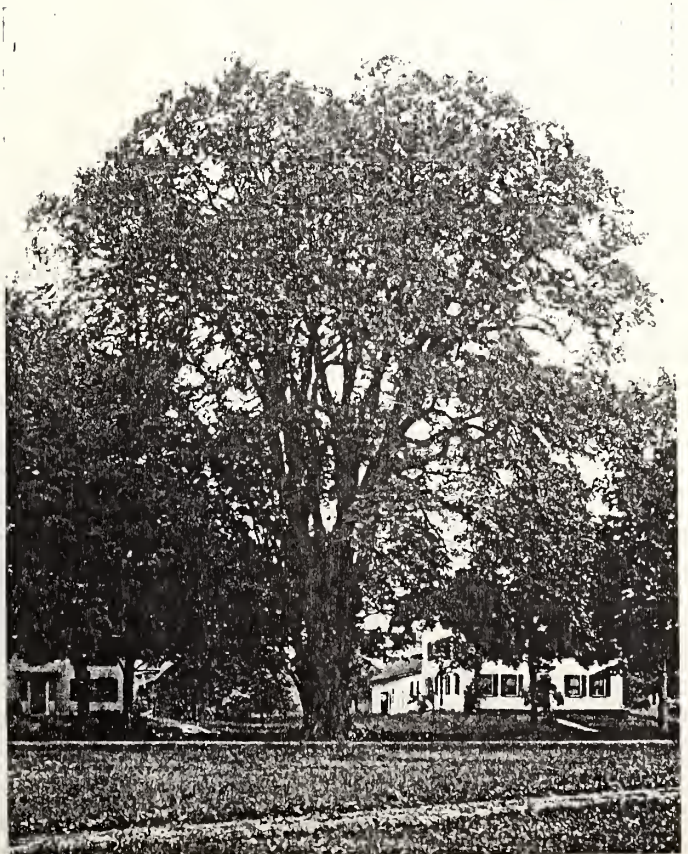


The Lucius Crain Tavern

One of the four trustees named to have charge of this fund was William Goodwin, who came to America in 1632 and settled at Cambridge. He was a man of ability and large means, and was soon chosen ruling elder of the Cambridge church. In 1636 he was one of the leaders of a party of one hundred which emigrated from Cambridge to the new settlement of Hartford. He was likewise one of the leaders of those who left Connecticut in 1659 to start the town of Hadley.

The fund in 1664 amounted to about twelve hundred pounds, and this was further increased by five hundred pounds after the death of Mrs. Hopkins. It was divided between Hartford, New Haven, Hadley and Harvard College. Hadley's portion was three hundred and five pounds. The town by grants of land at three different times increased Hadley's share and there have also been gifts from several individuals, one of which, made in 1664, included a house of one of the original settlers. A part of this building was used for a schoolhouse for many years. In 1698 the town voted to build a schoolhouse twenty-five by eighteen feet. It was placed in the broad street.

Except for the year 1760 the Hopkins School was the only public school in the old parish of Hadley for more than a century. The master was usually a man of collegiate education who gave some instruction in Latin and Greek, but for the most part taught only reading, writing and arithmetic. The first school building erected by the trustees in charge of the fund was completed in 1817. This fronted south on what was later known as Academy Lane, the present Russell Street. It was a plain brick structure, three stories high, standing close to the sidewalk. A hall ran through the building from south to north on the ground floor, with a schoolroom on



The largest elm in the state

either side. The second story had five apartments—a small one over the south entrance used for a library, while the others were recitation rooms and repositories for chemical and philosophical apparatus. The whole of the third story was known as the Academy Hall, which had at the eastern end a stage raised about four feet above the floor. This hall was used for rhetorical exercises every Wednesday afternoon, and for exhibitions and public lectures, and sometimes for Sunday preaching services.

Means for building were in part voluntary subscriptions, mostly in the form of labor, building materials and other supplies.

The school in the new building mustered about one hundred pupils the first year, and there was a gradual increase until 1837 when there were nearly three hundred. On an average about half the pupils were Hadley boys and girls. The rest came largely from other towns in the county but there were scattering representatives even from distant states.

The academy building, which to the



A North Hadley roadway

country boys of that period seemed impressively large, was destroyed by a fire that started in the ashes in the basement early one February morning of 1860. For a few months the school was continued in two rooms of the Lucius Crain house, but by autumn a room for the purpose was made ready in the lower part of the First Church. A new building was not erected until 1865.

It replaced the Blake and Stebbins houses on the southwest corner of Middle and Russell streets. Though a rather plain and unpretending two-story wooden structure, it cost with furnishings at that time of high prices nearly sixteen thousand dollars. This building burned about noon Dec. 14, 1893, the fire starting in the heating pipes, and the school was again transferred to the First Church. The year following, the present central school building was put up. The cost when the plans were accepted was estimated at twelve thousand dollars, but it exceeded eighteen thousand.

Now the large house built by Dr. Bonney has been purchased by the Academy Trustees and is to be the future home of the school. The fund, after various vicissitudes has increased to a total of over one hundred thousand dollars, and yields an income which will do much for the town's future.

[NOTE] The author of the following poem is the wife of a former pastor of the First Church and is a cousin of President William H. Taft.



Spring in Russelville

THE HADLEY WEATHERCOCK

By Julia Taft Bayne

The wind blew south, the wind blew north,
I saw an army marching forth,
And when the wind was hushed and still,
I heard them talk of Bunker Hill.

From Saratoga, bold Burgoyne
(His sullen redcoats, past the town
To Aqua Vita's plain marched down.)

In Hadley mansion stopped to dine.
The new State comes! The King must go!
Glory to God who wills it so!
And roundabout, and roundabout, and
roundabout I go,
The way o' the wind, the changing wind,
the way o' the wind to show.

The wind blows east, the wind blows west,
In Hadley street the same unrest,
On every breeze that hither comes
I hear the rolling of the drums,

And well do I know the warning;
The wind blows north, the wind blows
south,

The ball has left the cannon's mouth,
And the land is filled with mourning.
In Freedom's name they struck the blow;
The Land is One, God wills it so.

And roundabout, and roundabout, and
roundabout I go,
The way o' the wind, the changing wind,
the way o' the wind to show.

On Hadley steeple proud I sit,
Steadfast and true, I never flit,
Summer and winter, night and day,
The merry winds around me play,

And far below my gilded feet
The generations come and go,
In one unceasing ebb and flow,

Year after year in Hadley Street.
I nothing care, I only know,
God sits above, He wills it so;
While roundabout and roundabout and
roundabout I go,
The way o' the wind, the changing wind,
the way o' the wind to show.

The hands that for me paid the gold
A century since have turned to mould;
And all the crowds who saw me new,
In seventeen hundred fifty-two,
(A noble town was Hadley then,
And beautiful as one could find,)
Dead, long years dead, and out of mind,

Those stately dames and gallant men!
But I abide, while they are low.
God ruleth all, He wills it so;
And roundabout, and roundabout, and
roundabout I go,
The way o' the wind, the changing wind,
the way o' the wind to show.

Though all things change upon the ground,
Unchanging, sure, I'm ever found,
In calm or tempest, sun or rain,
No eye inquires of me in vain.

Though many a man betrays his trust,
Though some may honor sell, or buy,
Like Peter some their Lord deny,

Yet here I preach, till I am rust,
Blow high, blow low, come weal, or woe,
God sits above, He wills it so.
Then roundabout, and roundabout, and
roundabout I'll go,
The way o' the wind, the changing wind,
the way o' the wind to show.

A HADLEY SPOOK

A FEW years ago some curious stories were in circulation about a supernatural visitor to the McGrath house which stands near the river bank at the lower end of Middle Street. It was then occupied by a Polish family and the following conversation between the head of the household and another resident of the town was printed in a Northampton paper:

Polish Man. Mr. Jones, you sometime no see spook?

Mr. Jones. No, I never saw one.

Polish Man. Down my house I got spook. I see him, too.

Mr. Jones. Is that so?

Polish Man. Yaw, I see him drive white horse in barn, no open door. Another time I come home and my wife and children. We see light in house. I say my wife, "Some man come see me." We go in house, see nobody. I say, "What you do?" Nobody say something. Some rap on door upstairs. I say, "What you do there? Come down!" Nobody say something. He laugh, he holler, he cry. I no 'fraid, but my wife, she 'fraid that spook be devil. She no stay, she go way. Sometime big noise. By gosh! I think him shoot. I sit in chair and smoke pipe. Spook poke my pipe all smash. I no see him. I say, "What you do? You want smoke?" Nobody say something.



The second home of Hopkins Academy

A DISTRICT SCHOOL OF LONG AGO

By George C. Marsh

TO many former residents of our town, returning to the place of their birth, particularly if a number of years have passed since a previous visit, nothing, aside from their old home, recalls more memories than the building where they attended school in childhood.

What the district school did in its earlier days, few of those now living know. In this connection I wish to refer to the school in Hadley's District No. 4, near the north end of Middle Street. From the records of this school district I copy the following from the first entry:

"At a meeting held March the 9th, 1820, voted that the District appropriate twenty-one dollars for the purpose of hiring a school Mistress for the ensuing season and that she be boarded through the District by course."

The next entry states that at a meeting in October of the same year it was, "Voted that Joel Crafts, Simeon Dickinson and Elihu Cook be the District Committee for the year ensuing."

Six months later another meeting of the "North District" was held and a vote was passed "that the school Mistress keep the school twenty weeks and board at one place." Also "that Horace Kellogg board the Mistress for eighty cents per week according to agreement through the term aforesaid."

It will be seen from this record that board was not rated as high as it is now, and that the district paid the teacher's board bill.

In 1823 an appropriation of five hundred dollars was made at the January Town Meeting for school purposes, of which sum District No. 4 received \$67.97. But the next year the town allowed it \$98.70.

The records of October, 1825, start thus: "At a meeting holden at the School House in the Middle St., North Dist. for the purpose of transacting some business relating to the school," etc. This is the first record where the street is called Middle Street. The street had previously been known as East Street, and the present East Street had probably not been laid out and named.

In 1826 it is recorded: "The District voted that the board of the Instructor should be furnished by the lowest bidder. Elisha Cook as lowest bidder engaged to board for one dollar a week."

In March, 1837, there were ninety-two scholars in the district, and the amount placed at the disposal of the school by the town was \$185.84. In 1839 the amount had increased to \$208.73½. The last financial statement to appear was in 1853 and includes such items as:

May 2d to Getting Teacher	\$01.00
Aug. 16t to carrying home Teacher to Granby	01.00
March 11t To Miss E. Smith for 15 weeks \$3. per week	45.00
To 15 weeks Board, 1.75 per week	26.25

It would be interesting to know how many who have attended the school have gained distinction in the various walks of life. Among those still living who have become teachers is Miss M. J. Vanhorn, daughter of Horace Vanhorn, the last clerk of District No. 4. Other teachers are, Sophia Jewett and her sister Mary, Florence Stebbins, Mary L. Marsh, and Martha and Albie Cook. Among the male scholars Bishop F. D. Huntington stands pre-eminent. Austin Stockwell is another pupil who entered the ministry. In literature may be mentioned John Howard Jewett. The writer of this article was also one of the scholars of District No. 4, now in the literary world.



The Dr. Bonney house

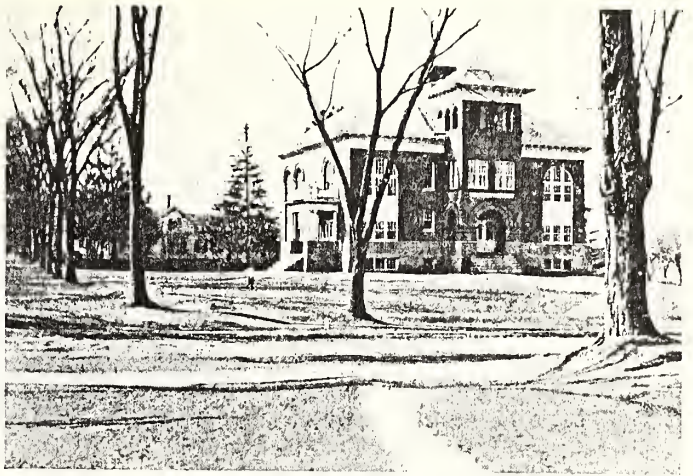
In the field of finance appear the names of George W. Nash, Cashier of the Farmers' Bank in Bowen, Ill., and his brother Henry, who is vice-president of the same bank. Formerly there were two schools in the school house; but of late years the lower room has served as a storage place for the firewood.

In the writer's days at the brick schoolhouse the games indulged in by the boys were, "playing horse," "pomp, pomp, peelaway," and "tag." Sometimes the girls joined in these plays, but they usually preferred less boisterous amusements.

In the old district school it was no uncommon thing to see boys and girls fifteen and sixteen years of age or even older. Any pupil who entered the "intermediate" school at a less age than twelve or thirteen was thought to be "a good scholar." Now a pupil of that age would be considered dull

not to have entered the "grammar" school.

But while changes have come, it is doubtful if the scholars of the present will in the future think of their school days with the love and loyalty that the scholars of the now passing district school did of the old brick schoolhouse of District No. 4.



The central school building



The front door of the oldest house

GENERAL HOOKER

FIGHTING Joe Hooker," one of the best-known heroes of the Civil War, was born in 1815 in an old hip-roofed mansion that formerly stood on West Street. He lived in Hadley during his boyhood and was a student at Hopkins Academy. In 1837 he graduated at West Point. His first taste of campaigning was in the Seminole War in Florida. Later he served in the Mexican War, and made himself conspicuous for gallantry in various battles, and again and again won honors for his distinguished services.

In 1853 he resigned from the army and commenced farming in California; but when tidings of the firing on Sumter reached him, he hurried to Washington where he was at once commissioned brigadier general of volunteers. He led several expeditions across the Potomac early in the war, capturing or destroying a number of the enemy's batteries. In April, 1862, he became commander of the Second Division of the Third Army Corps. During the "Seven Days Battle" he won the title of "Fighting Joe Hooker," and was made Major General. He took a promi-

nent part in numerous other battles and in January, 1863, succeeded Burnside as commander of the Army of the Potomac.

Many important reforms were at once introduced by him in the organization of the army, and he soon had the best body of troops that had ever been marshalled under an American soldier. Then came the battle of Chancellorsville. In the midst of the conflict, while on the porch of the house where he made his headquarters directing his troops, the pillar against which he was leaning was struck by a cannon ball, and he was so stunned as to be for a considerable time senseless. During this interval the army was virtually without a commander. The Confederates took full advantage of the situation, and the Northern troops presently withdrew from the field.

About a month later Hooker resigned his command; but after a short interval he was again in the field in charge of the Twelfth and Thirteenth army corps near Chattanooga, and was the leader in the "Battle Above the Clouds" at Look-out Mountain.

After the war he continued in the army until 1878. His health was at the time greatly impaired, and he died the following year at Garden City, Long Island.

In 1895 the Third Army Corps Union held their Annual Meeting in Hadley, and did honor to the memory of their old leader. The Hooker Birthplace was burned in April, 1898, by a fire that started on an adjoining estate.

THE REGICIDES

AMONG Hadley heroes, probably the greatest was its first minister. Actuated by motives of humanity, sympathy and duty, through the anxious days and lingering nights of more than ten years, he bravely stood within a hand's breadth of the gates of death. He never faltered, nor ever sought to shift on another the burden and responsibility. Month after month, summer and winter, year after year, zealously watching and guarding his trust John Russell was virtually a prisoner within his own hamlet.

Seldom or never could the steadfast pastor get a relief from the stated Sunday and Fast Day services by

an exchange of pulpits; not once have the refreshment and inspiration which the country minister was wont to get in the "Annual Convention" at Boston. Under his roof-tree he was secreting General Edward Whalley and General William Goffe, former officers in Cromwell's army, and members of the High Court of Justice which had condemned to the scaffold Charles I of England. A price was set on their heads, and swift retribution awaited any who might relieve or conceal them. Of necessity there must have been others about the Hadley minister in the secret, but none failed him, although each knew that a single whispered word would bring a rich reward.

The ship in which Edward Whalley, and his son-in-law, William Goffe crossed the ocean reached Boston in July, 1660. They first resided at Cambridge where they were received as men of distinction. But early the next year orders arrived for the apprehension of the two regicides, and aided by their friends they sought safety in flight. An Indian guided them as far as



"Home Sweet Home"



The Alphonso Dickinson house

Springfield, and thence they went on through Hartford, to New Haven where they were probably sheltered under the roof of Rev. Mr. Davenport.

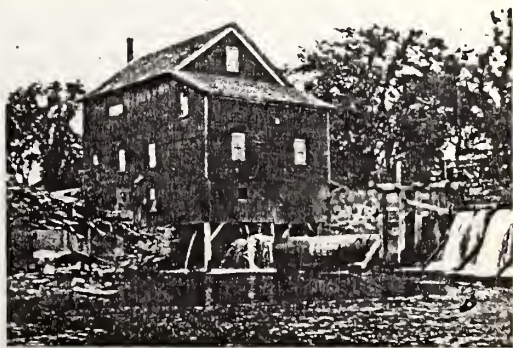
Forced by royal mandate, Gov. Endicott of Massachusetts, on May 7th sent two men to search for the judges as far south as New York, but news of the searchers' coming was received at New Haven before their arrival, and the regicides were sent away to a safe retreat. The judges remained in hiding in and about New Haven and Guilford sometimes in a house, sometimes in a cave until 1664, when, hearing that commissioners from England had arrived in Boston with special orders to seek for them, it was thought they were no longer safe in Connecticut. So travelling only by night, they made a long journey through the woods to the house of Rev. John Russell, in Hadley, then a little plantation only five years old. In this hamlet, deep in the wilderness, the worn and hunted men found a sure refuge.

Their room had a closet behind the chimney, in the floor of which was a sliding board that gave access to a passage connected with the cellar. Tradition says that once the house was searched by officers of the Crown and that the judges hid in the concealed passage while the officers walked over the floor above. Monotonous days were much occupied in writing, and in their diaries they gave full particulars of all affairs in the neighborhood reported to them in their retirement. Goffe carried on an affectionate secret correspondence with his wife in England, under assumed names.

In Hadley, one at least of the judges, Edward Whalley, finished his checkered career. The exact date of his death is not known. He was alive August 5, 1674, but

in a fast failing condition. Doubtless he was buried in the minister's cellar where the grave could be dug with no risk of discovery, and where the marks of disturbance could easily be concealed.

King Philip's War broke out in the summer of 1675, and there was a fight a few miles north of Hatfield on Aug. 25th. The Indians assaulted on Deerfield, Sept. 1st, and that same day, as the story goes, "the Church of Hadley was seeking the face of God by fasting and prayer; but were driven from the holy service they were attending, by a most sudden and violent alarm." This alarm was caused by a stealthy attack of the Indians. One of the few persons not in the meeting-house was General Goffe, the regicide, and while the townspeople were at public worship he felt reasonably safe in sitting at his window which commanded a wide view toward the east. Thus it happened that he saw the savages at a distance skulking into the town from the direction of the mountain. They probably thought every man was inside of the meeting-house. Goffe at once hurried to the church and apprised the congregation of their danger. In Hadley, as at other frontier towns, it was customary for the men to carry their weapons to church, and no sooner did they hear of their peril than they seized their guns and prepared to defend themselves. They were at first thrown into great consternation and confusion, but the grave, gray-bearded stranger who had given them such timely warning assumed command with an air of authority and rallied and led the people. Under his direction they routed the invaders, and then he immediately vanished. The



The Fort River mill



General Hooker

inhabitants could not account for the phenomenon unless their leader was an angel sent by God on that special occasion for their deliverance. For a long time afterward it was generally believed that they had been supernaturally saved. Not until Goffe was dead and John Russell also, did they imagine any other explanation. Then it became known that two regicides had been in hiding at Hadley, and that the angel was General Goffe.

The war with the Indians continued through the autumn of 1675 and troops were hurried to the frontier. Hadley was made the headquarters for the forces sent to the Connecticut Valley, and the troops must have been billeted largely on the inhabitants. To keep Goffe's presence in the minister's house a secret while the village was in this confused and crowded condition, would be exceedingly difficult, and he was removed to Hartford. In 1680 a Connecticut man made an affidavit at New York "that Capt. Joseph Bull of Hartford had for several years kept Goffe privately at his house." Thereupon Governor Andros wrote to Governor Leete of Connecticut intimating that this "traitor" should be handed over to justice.

Hartford was one hundred miles away and a post riding express should have delivered the dispatch within two days. But as a matter of fact it did not arrive for three weeks. No doubt the delay was due to

some good friend of Goffe who was high in office. Time was evidently taken to make provision for the regicide. When the coast was clear the letter came and the constable and marshal were ordered to visit Capt. Bull's and "search in the houses, barns, outhouses and all places therein, for the said Col. Goffe, or any other place where there is the least suspicion."

The next day a long letter was sent to Andros from Hartford telling him that after a diligent search the officers "could find no such person as was mentioned," and that "our people were amazed that any such thing could be suspected at Hartford." Andros is cautioned against believing all the flying stories against Connecticut, and is told if their own men believed all the stories against New York it would breed bad blood between the Colonies.

In the earlier years of exile, the judges were sustained by the expectation of being made free by the downfall of Charles II. But as the years dragged on this hope gradually died out. One by one the members of the High Court of Justice were taken and executed, some of them after a surrender on fair but false promises. Others were betrayed by fickle friends to curry favor with the Crown. Some were murdered in foreign lands.

Mrs. Goffe and her children had been safe with her Aunt Jane Hooke in London. She had kept the absent husband in touch with all household events, had shared with him her joys and sorrows. But Mr. Hooke died and her removal became necessary. After that Goffe was never able to find out the place of her abode. This was about 1678. Without knowing that his desolate wife received a single word from him in the years that followed, with his narrowing circle of friends both here and abroad, feeling that he should never more see the faces of wife and children, fearful lest he was an unwelcome burden on his protectors, we seem to see in his letters the once lion heart of the hunted exile slowly breaking.

General Goffe had been a star of the first magnitude in Cromwell's Councils, and acquitted himself bravely and well, as one having the courage of his convictions. How pathetic such a close to such a life!

When and where he died is not definitely known; but apparently he returned from Hartford to Hadley in 1680, and it is pleasant to think that the worn wanderer breathed his last on the bosom of faithful John Russell and that he reposes beside his companion in exile under our sheltering elms.

REV. ROWLAND AYRES
1817-1891

An Extract from a Short Autobiography

ROWLAND AYRES, the eldest of nine children, was born at Granby, Mass., May 1, 1817. He is a descendant of Capt. John Ayres of Brookfield, who with seven others was killed by the Indians during King Philip's War. It is said that the house of Capt. Ayres was attacked by the Indians, and a cart laden with flax, tow and other combustibles, was thrown against the building filled with women and children, who had taken refuge within. A rain falling at the time, the fire was extinguished.

On the maternal side the subject of this sketch traces his descent from Nathaniel Dickinson, one of the first deacons of the church in Hadley.

His father and mother belonged to the class of middling, respectable farmers, to whom in order to gain a living and rear a large family, severe toil and sharp economy were a necessity. Their children were all baptized in infancy and nurtured in religion in the home and the church. His mother was a woman of rare excellence, fond of reading and bright and intelligent beyond what was common. She had a sweet voice, and she and her husband were much in the habit of singing together. The rearing of her large family drew heavily on her not very strong constitution, and she died at the age of forty, leaving most of them small, the youngest an infant, the oldest not yet fourteen years of age.

The memory of this mother is very precious. Her eldest son was often the subject of religious impressions from childhood, and these impressions were deepened by the death of his mother, whose image and whose last words of counsel were never out of mind a single day for many years. So the good spirit of the Lord followed him until, in 1836, he united with the church. Soon after this he was led to think of seeking a college education, and in the fall of '37 entered Amherst College.

After graduation he taught the academy at Southampton,

Long Island, one year. Later he taught in several other places and for a time was a tutor at Amherst College. In the year '46 he entered the Theological Seminary at Princeton. August 22, 1847 he preached his first sermon in Hadley First Church and the next year was ordained pastor of the church, in which office he remained until 1883. Since that time he has been without charge, preaching occasionally as opportunity was given.

The Christian ministry has its own peculiar trials, and with him, it has been the story of living on a small income, and supporting and educating a family at cost of constant self-denial and sacrifice. After living more than a year in the parsonage, with his sister for housekeeper, he was united in marriage to Miss Jane E. Webster, then a teacher in the Young Ladies' Institute, at Pittsfield, Mass. She has been the true, faithful wife through all these years, in joy and sorrow, in sickness and in health, the constant helper of her husband, ever looking well to the ways of her household, always dispensing a cheerful, if humble hospitality.

Soon after coming to Hadley, he was chosen to serve on the School Committee of the town. He was at once elected a member of the Board of Trustees of Hopkins Academy, and has been president of the Board since 1865. In both these relations, he has sought the welfare of the young people of the town, and as he believes, has been somewhat felt for good.

In prospect of the laying down of life, the feeling is strong that there is nothing to stay and support a human soul looking over the invisible line into the unknown,



Fort Hill where the Indian fort stood

but a sure hope of the mercy of God in Christ. He is the light of the world. Shall he not be trusted steadily to be our light even through the dark valley and beyond, so that our dwelling shall be with Him in light and glory everlasting?

When he is dead he would have his funeral without show or ostentation of any sort, simple and inexpensive as decency will allow. Let the funeral service not praise a mortal, but magnify the grace of God and commend to all the living the service of Him who is the Resurrection and the Life. If a stone should mark the spot of his

INDIAN LIFE IN THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY

By Jacob T. Bowne

JUST before the settlement of Massachusetts "a great plague" had swept off large numbers of the natives, and it was estimated that the entire Indian population of all New England did not exceed fifty thousand. In the interior of Massachusetts dwelt the Nipmucks, or "fresh-water people." The Connecticut Valley branches of this group were the Agawams, located in the vicinity of Springfield, the Norwotucks of Northampton, Hadley and Hatfield, the Woronoakes of Westfield, and the Pocumtucks of Deerfield. All together these four tribes numbered about one thousand.

There was much cleared land in New England at the time of its settlement, so that the colonists compared these openings to English parks. Much of this clearing may be attributed to



Hadleigh in England

burial, let it tell only the date of birth and decease. What he was, and did, and failed to do, is written elsewhere. Let nothing carved in stone contradict the record in the hearts of men and in God's book of remembrance. Let all the loved ones left, remember him, not with grief and tears, but with cheerful devotion to the duties of life and patient submission to its ills, until they hear the call to join him on the other shore.

Dearly beloved wife and children, all that has been amiss in husband and father, forgive. Think kindly of him. Peace be with you each and all.

Rowland Ayres.

Done and subscribed this 15th day of July, 1884.

[NOTE] The Goodwin Library was so named in honor of one of the first settlers, whose descendant, John Dwight, subscribed more than half of the sum required to build and furnish it. The structure was dedicated in August, 1903, when Bishop Huntington made his last public appearance in the town and gave the chief address.

the regular, annual burnings of the grass and underbrush by the Indians. The settlers at Springfield, Northampton, Hadley and Hatfield found plenty of land ready for the plough, and began at once to cultivate hay and Indian corn.

The Indian had apparently no more idea of the individual ownership of land than of the individual ownership of air. All lands to him were the common property of the occupants. In the earlier sales of land to Europeans, I do not believe he realized that he was to be finally excluded from all use of it. He seems rather to have had in mind the admission of the settler as a co-occupant. Individual ownership with them extended to nothing beyond personal effects—all else belonged to the tribe.

They were tall and well proportioned, with regular features, eyes dark, hair coarse and black, and teeth exceptionally fine. They had remarkable powers of endurance and have been known to travel from eighty to one hundred miles on a long summer's day. They had great physical strength, but detested every kind of man-

ual labor. They were masters of every kind of wood-craft, having a sense of sight and smell so keen that some of the colonists thought them "in league with the devil." The women were strong and masculine, and in addition to household duties planted, tilled and harvested the corn, cut the firewood, carried the water, brought in the game, bore the burdens on the shifting of camp, and set up the wigwams on the new site. After marriage, their lives were largely given to drudgery.

Marriage seems to have been little more than the choosing of a mate, and when there was serious disagreement the two separated. Plurality of wives was not unusual. As parents, both the father and the mother were loving and indulgent to their children.

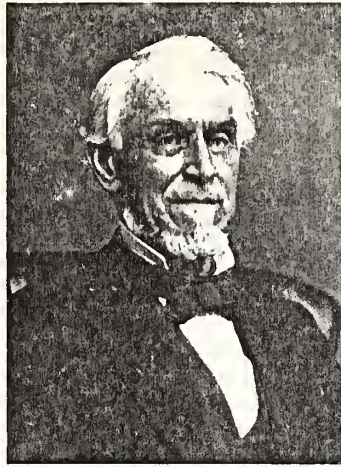
The will of the chief or sachem was generally recognized as law. In matters of unusual importance, the consent of the leading men was also obtained.

The Indian rarely forgave an injury to himself or to any member of his family or tribe, and would wait years for a chance to return it in kind. The kinsmen of a murdered man were bound to avenge his death at the first opportunity, though such wrongs were occasionally satisfied by payments of wampum or other valuables.

Fighting had a large place in the Indian's life. Some tribes were almost continually engaged in war. They rarely fought in close ranks, but singly and concealed. An attack was generally in the form of an ambuscade, and night attacks were common. In the treatment of prisoners nothing that cruelty could devise was omitted. If captured, they never begged for life, and endured torture without a groan.

They were invariably hospitable, offering even to strangers the best they had of shelter and food. When game was killed the hunter shared it with his friends.

They were great gamblers, placing at times everything they owned at stake. The ingathering of harvest was an occasion of great feasting and dancing, which lasted for several days. At such times the dancing was continued until the



John Dwight

participants were completely exhausted. When war was declared all the braves engaged in a series of wild dances before their departure. On these occasions a rattle made from a gourd or turtle shell inclosing some dry corn or beans was used to mark time, and the onlookers kept up a monotonous chanting.

The men were inveterate smokers of tobacco. The stone pipe was among the Indian's most valued treasures, and when he died it was often buried with him.

They had a variety of gods. Some worshipped the sun, others the moon, earth, fire, etc., yet they generally acknowledged one supreme spirit of good whom they called Manitt. They also recognized a great spirit of evil whom they called Mattand, and of whom they stood in much fear.

Among them were certain men and women whom they called powaws. These were a combination of conjurer and physician and were held in profound respect. They were called to the sick and wounded and administered herbs, roots and other remedies. An early writer says, "By their diabolical spells, mutterings and exorcisms, stroking and hovering over the sick, they seem to do wonders."

The villages were generally located near running streams. Desirable features were a dry and well-wooded shelter for winter, fertile planting-fields, and a never-failing spring of water. Some of their camps on prominent elevations were fortified with



The Goodwin Library and St. John's church

palisades or huge pickets made of small logs set a few feet in the ground and standing ten or twelve feet above the surface. The pales were placed close together and sharpened at the upper end. There was often a considerable trench both in and outside of the palings.

The wigwams of New England were usually either hemispherical or long. The hemispherical or common form was from ten to fifteen feet in diameter and six feet or more in height at the center. It was made by placing the butts of small poles in the ground in a circle and lapping the small ends together at the top in the form of an arbor. Some were then covered with large strips of white birch or other bark shaped to the framework while still green. Others were covered with mats made from rushes. This form accommodated one family. The frame of the long house was similarly constructed of poles set in parallel rows, and extending for twenty, thirty or even fifty feet. It was divided into sections to accommodate several families.

In the center of the wigwam was a fire hole two feet or so in diameter, and a foot or more deep. In the roof was an opening for the escape of smoke. This opening was guarded by a flap which could be shifted so as to prevent the wind from blowing the smoke downward. Everything belonging to an Indian smelt of smoke. The entrance was closed with a mat, and the inner walls were often lined with mats or skins. The beds, made of poles, were raised a foot or so from the ground and covered with thick

mats and skins. They were sometimes wide enough to accommodate several persons.

Clay cooking-pots were in general use, holding from a quart to a gallon or more, and "shaped like an egg with the top cut off." While usually plain, they were sometimes ornamented on the exterior of the rims with considerable taste and in a variety of patterns.

Dishes were made of soapstone, generally of the size and shape of an ordinary vegetable dish. Stone pestles were used for grinding the Indian corn in mortars of wood and stone. Dishes, ladles and spoons were made of tough and knotty wood. Shells also served as spoons. Large gourds were used for dippers and drinking vessels. Pails were most ingeniously made of birch bark, holding from two to three gallons.

The squaws were expert basket-makers, using splints of the hickory, birch and ash, and reeds, rushes, corn husks, and wild hemp. The larger baskets, used for bearing burdens and for storage purposes, held from one to four bushels.

Fire was started by friction and percussion, implements for the latter being often carried on the person.

Hunting had a prominent place in Indian life, especially in winter. The principal game animal was the deer; but the moose, bear, raccoon, beaver and otter were also commonly eaten, and the Indian was skilful in trapping small animals, and birds.

With the coming of every spring large camps were set up at the outlets of the

lakes and below the falls of rivers; and for several weeks salmon, shad and other fish were dried and smoked in large quantities, preparatory to storing them for use during the rest of the year. These annual fish meets were among the great social occasions of the year. Fish were for the most part taken in traps called weirs, in large nets, or were speared; but some were captured with hook and line and by shooting with bow and arrow.

Nearly every summer-camp had its planting-fields where



Old stones in the cemetery



The long loop of the river around the town

maize, beans, peas, squashes and pumpkins were raised. These were stored in the ground for winter use.

The common method of cooking was by boiling or stewing. To the corn and beans was added in the same pot, fish and flesh, the large bones of the latter being always broken to get at the marrow, and the whole mass was thickened with a flour made from nuts. Bread was made from corn meal, baked in the hot ashes after the dough had been well covered with leaves. A sweet meal or grits was made of parched corn, and this often furnished the only food of the traveller for days together. Maple syrup was made by the Indians in northern New England.

Men and women wore leather breech clouts, the ends of which were carried over a belt at the waist and hung down like a short apron. In warm weather little more than this was worn, but in winter finely dressed furs were used for cloaks. They also had moose-skin moccasins and leggings of deer-skin. The skin clothing was often fringed at the seams and otherwise ornamented with embroidery. Having no buttons, the clothing was laced with leather thongs.

The men generally wore their hair cut high up on the forehead, and the rest which was left to grow at great length, was twisted up on the top or over the ears and ornamented with large feathers. Sometimes only a ridge of hair was left along the middle of the head like a cock's comb. Both the hair and the skin were oiled with bear's grease.

Both sexes painted their faces. The men always did this when on the war path. Half the face was sometimes painted white,

and the other half black, giving them a hideous appearance. Widows, when mourning for their husbands, painted their faces black. Tattooing on the face seems to have been quite common, and other parts of the body were also sometimes decorated by this method.

The women, and occasionally the men, wore necklaces. Bracelets and head bands were largely used.

Their principal weapons were the bow and stone-pointed arrow, and the stone ax or tomahawk. For defence they sometimes used a shield of bark or of wicker work.

Canoes in the north were made of birch bark, and the seams closed with pitch; but in Massachusetts were more likely to be of trunks of trees. Some of these "dug-outs," as the colonists called them, were long enough to carry twenty men. The tree was felled by fire, and the boat shaped by fire and scraping. A bark canoe was so light that a man could easily carry it several miles from one body of water to another. The waterways were the great thoroughfares of the wilderness, and by carrying around falls and overland to neighboring lakes or streams it was possible to travel thousands of miles by inland waters.

The Indian trail became the colonist's bridle path and later his cartway and postroad. No doubt there were several well-marked trails between the coast and the Connecticut Valley long before the settlement of New England by Europeans.

Articles found plentifully, or that were made with unusual skill in one section, were exchanged for what was produced in other sections. Wampum beads made from the shells of the periwinkle and hard clam were almost the only circulating medium in New England for fifty years after its settlement.

In computing time, instead of saying so many months ago, the Indian said, so many moons ago; and instead of days said so many sleeps.

As late as 1859 the state of Massachusetts was making a small annual appropriation for the care of the scattered remnants of

its former tribes. The survivors then numbered 1610 representing sixteen tribes, but it is safe to say that not one of them was of pure blood.

THE MEETING-HOUSES

IT is an honorable distinction that the first church organized in the valley north of Springfield was at Hadley. In the early years the Sunday services were held in one of the houses, and a meeting-house seems not to have been completed until 1670. It was erected on the common, but was a good deal nearer the north end than the south in order to accommodate the inhabitants dwelling on the other side of the river.

The building was on a slight elevation known as "Meeting-house Hill" that rose about eight feet above the general level. From the north the ascent was quite steep and beyond the hill in that direction was a goose-pond in which water stood nearly all the year, and which was apt to be offensive in hot weather.

The structure was probably nearly square, with a turret or place for a bell rising from the center of the roof. A few pews were perhaps built against the walls, but in the body of the house were long plain seats, each affording space for five or six persons. For many years men and women were seated separately. When the minister faced the congregation the males were on his right, and the females on his left. The singers were mingled with the rest, and all singing was congregational.

The town voted in 1672, "that there shall be some sticks set up in the meeting-house in several places with some fit persons placed by them, and to use them as occasion shall require, to keep the youth from disorder."

In 1676 it was voted that the bell in the meeting-house should be rung at nine o'clock at night, throughout the year. The bell-rope hung down in the broad aisle.

The minister was given a homelot of eight acres, and about thirty-eight acres of intervale. His salary of eighty pounds was paid in wheat, corn, peas and other produce. It was an adequate and honorable salary, and Mr. Russell educated two sons and left a good estate. At the time of his death he had property valued at about a thousand pounds which included three negroes—a man, woman and child. Mr. Russell apparently supplied himself with the wood he burned; but later this was provided by the parish. For instance, Rev.

Mr. Hopkins in 1769 was furnished "fifty-five middling loads." It came to be the habit to get the minister's wood on days appointed, when the minister encouraged the workers by supplying them with flip and other drink.

In 1699 galleries were built on two sides of the church. There apparently was one already at the end opposite the pulpit.

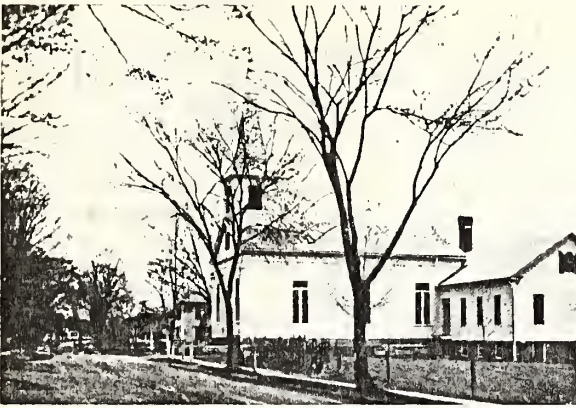
It was voted in 1713 to build a new meeting-house fifty feet in length and forty in breadth. This was erected in the middle of the Common just north of the present Northampton road. Walls and ceiling were plastered and at one end was a steeple, the first steeple in the county to be built up from the ground instead of being set on the main part of the structure. The lower part of it was thirteen or fourteen feet square. The spire or tapering part of the steeple was not added until 1753. The cock, which still surmounts the steeple of the third meeting-house is believed to have been first put up when the spire was erected on the second house of worship. Soon after it had been adjusted on its lofty perch, Zeb. Pratt, a young colored man, ascended to the summit, sat astride of the copper bird and imitated the crowing of a rooster.

The windows were of diamond-shaped panes set in lead, until 1752 when sashes with square-cornered glass were substituted.

In 1738 Eleazer Porter built a pulpit and a sounding-board over it, which the people took the greater pride in because these new furnishings were more elegant than Hatfield or Northampton could boast.

The seats were at first long benches or settees, with perhaps one or two pews adjoining the pulpit. Pews were afterward added from time to time, but not without opposition. A pew was considered more honorable than a narrow seat and many disliked to have the town build pews for the principal families while others sat in seats. Sittings were assigned yearly, and as the order of arrangement gave precedence to estate, age and official position, there sometimes resulted a good deal of jealousy and warm contention.

The pews were commonly nearly square, but there were narrow ones also. They were all high-backed, and along the upper edge of the partitions were nicely-turned little balusters, which the children were fond of playing with. Neither aisles nor pews were carpeted, and the seats were uncushioned. The larger pews frequently contained a chair. There were at least seats on three sides of the pews, and sometimes on four,



The church at North Hadley

and the worshipers sat facing as many different ways.

The deacon's seat was before the pulpit, opposite the broad aisle. In front of it hung a leaf like that of a table, and on sacramental occasions this was raised to form a resting-place for the bread, wine and cups. In some of the aisles were benches for little children. The colored people sat in the back seats of the gallery, but after 1783 they had two high pews assigned to them in the corners over the stairs. In one sat the males, in the other the females.

The tithing men sat in the gallery, and when one observed children or young people behaving improperly, he rapped on the top of the seat or pew and then pointed to them. Sometimes he led playful children from their seats, and placed them near himself. After a time the front seats in the gallery were reserved for the singers.

At first the church was not heated, and in cold weather some individuals would carry hot stones, bricks or pieces of plank. Later foot-stoves were used. In 1771 the building was painted, but in its latter days most of the color was gone.

The present church on Middle Street was erected on the site of its predecessor in 1808, but was moved to the new situa-

tion in 1841. Soon after the building was completed two young men, for mischief and sport climbed the spire in the night, lifted the weathercock from the spindle, brought it down and hid it. They were found out and were required to replace the bird on the steeple.

While the church was being moved, a process that occupied several weeks, services continued to be held in the building, but as soon as it passed the half way point between the streets the West Street people seceded. For a time they held their religious meetings in the assembly hall of the Academy, but the next year erected a church on the east side of the broad street a little north of Russell Street. Here worship was continued until about 1890. Meanwhile the old families had dwindled, and the wealth of the street was depleted, and finally the church was closed. Some minor business use has been made of portions of it since; but it has received little care and shows melancholy marks of time and weather.

A religious society was organized in North Hadley in 1831, and a meeting-house was built three years later, but this did not have a spire until 1854.

In 1902 the St. John's Catholic Church was erected at Hadley center, and is an attractive addition to the public buildings of the town.



North Hadley village from across the pond

MOUNT HOLYOKE

THE mountain probably received its name a few years after Springfield was settled, when a company of planters went from that place up the river to explore the country. Elizur Holyoke led one division on the east bank of the river, and Rowland Thomas another on the west bank. The two parties paused opposite each other where the stream passes between the mountains, and the heads of the company shouted back and forth, each informing the other that he bestowed his name on the mountain range nearest him.

From the time of the first settlements men occasionally ascended Mt. Holyoke to view the region around. The earliest description of a visit to the summit that has been preserved is in the journal of Rev. Paul Coffin who climbed the mountain in 1760. He was especially delighted with the crops on the meadows, which "looked like a beautiful garden."

The mountain did not become a popular resort of pleasure-seekers until long afterward. In 1821 the people of Northampton and vicinity determined to put a house on the summit, and they turned out in force for that purpose on June 19th, bringing with them boards, nails and tools. The corner posts and larger timbers were hewed from trees cut that day on the mountain. Refreshments were served, speeches were made, and by evening the building was finished. It was rude and small, but serviceable as a shelter from sun and showers. The leaders of the party spent the night in

it, and in the morning went down to the village below. Then they agreed to lease the newly-erected mountain house to Willis Pease, one of the natives of the hamlet, provided he became responsible for their unpaid bills amounting to twenty-seven dollars. Later the party called at the Hockanum tavern and were treated all round to some kind of fluid which had the peculiar effect of making them forget their bargain with Pease, and when they left the tavern the mountain house lease had been made out to Landlord Lyman.

This stirred the ire of Mr. Pease and he lost no time in building a rival shanty north of the first one. For some years both houses were open to the public. To show what was served to the people of that generation, on the mountain, I quote from an advertisement in the *Hampshire Gazette*:

"Willis Pease respectfully informs his friends and the public that he will be furnished with Choice Jamaica Spirits, St. Croix Rum, Cogniac Brandy, Holland Gin, Spanish Segars, with other refreshments generally desired."

For these fluids he charged nine pence a glass, just double the price in the valley. Water, too, was a salable article, three cents a glass being the standard price.

Previous to 1821 most of the mountain visitors came on horseback by a wood-road which started near the grist-mill in Hadley and ended in "Taylor's Crack," a short distance from the summit. But presently Willis Pease opened a path from the upper end of Hockanum. Soon afterward the rival house made a thoroughfare from the ferry across the fields and pastures and through the woods, and even up the steep final rise where it was partly in the form of steps. A gate closed the entrance to this road, where it departed from the highway near the ferry, and the village boys picked up a good deal of loose change by opening and closing it for teams and riders.

Pease and Lyman both sold out in the course of time, and the property passed



On East Street

into the hands of Dr. Stebbins of Northampton. He tore down the Pease building and leased the other yearly. For the use of visitors he provided a small, old ship's glass, which in its day was considered a wonderful instrument. The mountain house itself was nothing but a shanty. The interior walls were bare and unplastered, and the furniture consisted chiefly of one or two battered benches, and a rough bar with wall-paper pasted on its top.



Two fine old homes on West Street

In the spring of 1849, Mr. J. W. French, who had long been an enthusiastic admirer of the mountain and who felt sure it was destined to become a popular resort, leased the summit house of Dr. Stebbins, and for ten dollars bought the stock in trade of the man then occupying the premises. He repaired the building, and improved the road, and the number of visitors greatly increased. A single horse carried upon its back all his supplies, including water in five-gallon rubber sacks that were placed in canvas panniers fastened across the horse's body.

Mr. French finished a wagon road to the summit in 1851 and built a neat, square two-story house there. Getting the timbers for it up the mountain was no easy matter. At times two yoke of oxen and a pair of horses were hitched to a single load. To steer all this procession safely around the corners, and to block the wheels to rest the animals, was an exciting and delicate task.

In 1854, a single-track railroad was constructed up the final ridge with a staircase between the rails. The whole structure was laid very near the ground and followed the irregularities of the surface. The ascent was therefore gentle in some places and very steep in others. The car used was known as "The Old Sleigh" from the fact that the bodies of two sleighs were fitted together to form its main part. A single rope was attached to the upper end, and a horse beneath the summit house furnished the motive power. Probably nothing of the kind existed in the world at that time, and

people came from far and near to gaze on the wonderful contrivance. Everybody who rode did so with a feeling that the outcome was extremely doubtful; but for a person with steady nerves, not too much frightened at the thought of what would happen if the rope broke, the experience was a delightful one.

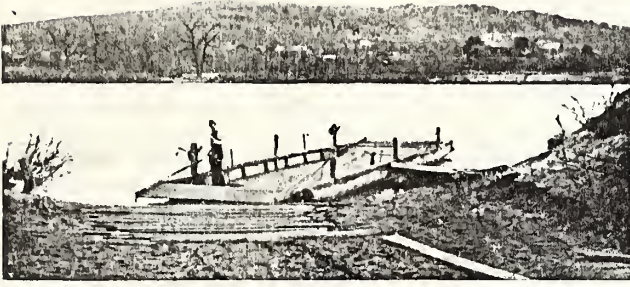
Two years later a small steam engine was substituted for the horse and in 1867 the track was roofed over as it is at present. A new house was built in 1861, and this, greatly enlarged in 1894, is the house as it is today.

A rival house was begun in 1869 by Loren Pease, an old-fashioned Hockanum farmer who was not on the best of terms with Mr. French. The house stood on a spur of the mountain a little to the south of Mr. French's, but it was never finished. Mr. Pease's money gave out and his farm was saddled with a mortgage he never was able to pay. His mountain house grew brown and weatherworn and shabby, and about 1880 it was pulled to pieces. "Lord John," as Mr. French was sometimes called by local residents, had no other rivals.

Just after the Civil War, Mr. French had a steamer built to ply back and forth on the river and connect with the railroad at Mt. Tom Station. It was a square-ended side-wheeler, called the "Wawhillowa," a name formerly borne by an Indian chief of the vicinity. Till 1876 it made its two trips a day during the season. Then, after an interim of two years, the "Mt. Holyoke," a trim stern-wheeler with a pointed bow,

THE TOWN ENVIRONMENT

By Elbridge Kingsley

*Mt. Warner from the Hatfield shore*

went into service and continued to ply back and forth till 1882.

In 1908 the mountain property passed into the hands of a company organized to develop it. A really magnificent road of easy grade has been built to the summit, and other improvements are under way that will add greatly to the attractiveness of the resort.

THE HADLEY ELMS

By Julia Taft Bayne

The Hadley elms! in what forgotten year
Men planted them to make our village fair
We cannot know. The sun and earth and
air
Have fostered them, and those who set
them here
Have fled so far beyond, even history's ear
Scarcely knows their footfall. Lasting,
precious, rare—
This gift they left. What glory shalt thou
wear,
Oh Hadley—Hadley, that we hold so dear
From this *our* generation? These gifts,
these,
Would we leave with thee for thy joy and
praise,
For the Republic's need in bitter days,
True men, good women, beneath the Had-
ley trees—
When danger threatens, and sorrow over-
whelms,
To stand strong, beautiful as Hadley elms!

NOT far from the junction of the hill country of northern New England with the more level lands in Connecticut the Holyoke range shuts across the southern front of the valley like a wall, broken only by a single narrow passage made by the river on its course to the sea. Looking out from the shadow of the mountain on this cup, that was once brimming with crystal waters

from the snow-caps of the White Mountains, the eyes can feast on as fair a scene as the sun ever shone on.

Tradition proves that this has always been a favored spot in the estimation of the children of men. Indian trails from all points of the compass concentrated at the rude forts scattered along the foothills that formed the rim of the basin, and as a military necessity the pioneers of the white race chose the neck of a peninsula formed by a sweep of the river, as one more resting-place for weary feet while subduing a wilderness.

At the present time the valley is becoming crowded with thriving towns, the electric gong and steam whistle are heard in the land, and there is much running to and fro in the interest of material things.

But, as in the beginning, the wide street still spans the peninsula, the river still loops its silver ribbon around the grassy meadows, and the church spires pierce the blue out of the embowering foliage.

Peaceful as a dream of childhood, Old Hadley holds a proud place as a mother and protector of famous names in the stirring drama of the world's history. Sleepy, quiet Hadley! How thy sons and daughters love to come back from their wanderings and look on thy face! Even as Mecca to the followers of Mohammed, or the sacred groves of India for the worshipers of Brahma, so shall thy shrine increase in importance forevermore.

KATHRINA

Thou lovely vale of sweetest stream that flows;
Winding and willow-fringed Connecticut!

These are the opening lines of J. G. Holland's Kathrina and show the idyllic setting of the action of the story. Paul, the hero of the narrative was born in Northampton, and he and his mother used to go for rambles in the meadows—

Till sometimes, ere we knew, we stood entranced
Upon the river's marge.

Ever the spell

Of lapsing water tamed my playful mood,
And I reclined in silent happiness
At the tired feet that rested in the shade.
There through the long, bright mornings we
remained,
Watching the noisy ferry-boat that plied
Like a slow shuttle through the sunny warp
Of threaded silver from a thousand brooks,
That took new beauty as it wound away;
Or gazing where at Holyoke's verdant base—
Like a slim hound, stretched at his master's feet—
Lay the long lazy hamlet, Hockanum.

When Paul was fourteen he crossed the river with his mother to call on a woman friend of hers living in the village, and during one of these visits he had an adventure with a pet lamb that led him a chase to the topmost mountain cliff.

After he grew to manhood, on a Sunday morning in June he—

took the road

That eastward cleft the town, and sought the
bridge
That spanned the river, reaching which I crossed.
There deep within the stripes of springing corn
I found the shadow of an elm, and lay
Stretched on the downy grass for listless hours,
Dreaming of days gone by, or turning o'er
With careless hand the pages of a book
I had brought with me.

Presently he resumed his ramble and went
on till he heard a burst of music.

And saw the church of Hadley, from
whose doors,
Open to the summer air, the choral
hymn
Poured out its measured tides,

* * * * *

I heard the sound of flutes
And hoarse, sonorous viols, in accord
With happy human voices—and one
voice—

A woman's or an angel's—that com-
pelled
My feet to swift approach. A thread
of gold,

Through all the web of sound, I fol-
lowed it

Till, by the stress of some strange sym-
pathy,

And by no act of will, I joined my
voice

To that one voice of melody, and sang.

* * * * *

When the choral closed,
And the last chord in silence lapsed away,
I raised my eyes, and, nodding to the beck
Of the old, slippered sexton, I went in—
Not (shall it be confessed) to find the God
At whose plain altar bowed the rural throng;
But, through a voice, to follow to its source
The influence that moved me.

I was late;

And many eyes looked up as I advanced
Through the broad aisle, and took a seat that
turned

My face to all the faces in the house.

I scanned the simpering girls within the choir,
But found not what I sought;

* * * * *

It was Communion Day.

The simple table underneath the desk
Was draped with linen, on whose snow was
spread

The feast of love—the vases filled with wine,
The separated bread and circling cups.

The venerable pastor had come down
From his high pulpit, and assumed the seat
Of presidence, and, with benignant eyes,
Sat smiling on his flock. The deacons all

Rose from their pews—four old brown-handed
men,

With frosty hair—and took the ancient chairs
That flanked the table. All the house was still
Save here and there the rustle of a silk
Or folding of a fan.

Then followed the baptism of a young
woman who made his

heart beat thick and fast

With vision of her perfect loveliness.

She was the singer, Kathrina by name,
and after service ended he learned that she
was staying with her aunt in Hockanum,
and this aunt was his mother's friend.
He met the aunt and was urged to come
and call on them. So toward evening a
few days later he crossed the meadows
and the river to the Hockanum cottage,
where he found Kathrina and her aunt
on the piazza. He had a long talk with
the maiden, which came to a sudden end



A roadway in East Hadley

by her begging to be excused for an hour. She went indoors, and Paul asked the aunt what had called the lady away.

"It is Thursday night,"
She answered soberly—"the weekly hour
At which our quiet neighborhood convenes
For social worship."

So when Kathrina reappeared he became her escort till they reached—

The open doorway of the humble hut
Which, for long years, had held the village school,
And, at a little distance, paused. The room,
Battered and black by wantonest abuse
Of the rude youth, was lit by feeble lamps,
Brought by the villagers; and scattered round
Upon the high, backed benches, hardly less
Rude and rough-worn than they, the worshippers
In silence sat. It was no place for words.
I took the lady's hand, and said "good-night!"

In the succeeding summer days again
and again he crossed the stream to see
"the idol of his heart" till

One pleasant eve,
When first the creaking of the crickets told
Of Autumn's opening door, I went with her
To ramble in the fields. We touched the hem
Of the dark mountain's robe, that falls in folds
Of emerald sward around his feet, and there
Upon its tufted velvet we sat down—

And there he told her of his love and was
accepted. Presently they returned to the
cottage and hand in hand appeared before
the aunt.

"Are you not surprised?"

I asked,
"Surprised, indeed! Surprised at what?"
"At what you see; and this! and this!" I said,
Planting a kiss upon each lovely cheek
Of my betrothed, that straightway bloomed
with rose.
"What! are you blind, my aunt?"



In Plainville

"You silly fools!"
I've seen it from the first," she answered me.
"No doubt you thought that you were very deep,
Very mysterious—all that sort of thing.
I've watched you, and if you, young man,
had been
Aught but a coward, it had come before,
And saved some sleep o' nights to both of you."

In October they were married, and
this brings to a close the Hadley por-
tion of the story.

BISHOP HUNTINGTON

THE old family mansion, two miles
north of Hadley village, which was
so closely associated with Bishop
Huntington all his life was built by his
great grandfather, Moses Porter. Shortly
afterward, in September, 1755, Mr. Por-
ter, who was Captain of a militia com-
pany, was killed at Crown Point by the
Indians. He left a widow and a little
girl, and this little girl in the course of
time became the wife of Charles Phelps.
Mr. and Mrs. Phelps lived in the house
built by Moses Porter, and there
were born their two children,
a son and a daughter.

Toward the close of the cen-
tury a young tutor from Yale Col-
lege, Rev. Dan Huntington, oc-
cupied the pulpit at the Hadley
meeting-house one Sabbath, and
was invited to drink tea with
the family of Squire Phelps the
following Tuesday. He accepted
the invitation and thus met the
daughter of the household, Eliz-
abeth. Their acquaintance rip-
ened into a mutual affection, and
their marriage was celebrated
January 1, 1800. The young peo-
ple lived in Litchfield and later



Bishop Huntington's home



A glimpse of Hartsbrook

in Middletown, Connecticut, in both of which places Mr. Huntington served as pastor; but in 1816 Mrs. Huntington's father died, and she inherited the old homestead in Hadley. It seemed prudent for the Rev. Dan Huntington, whose family had increased steadily with the passing years, to remove thither. For the future he gave much of his attention to the farm, though he continued to preach at intervals in different places and for three years, beginning in 1817 was the principal of Hopkins Academy, at a salary of five hundred dollars.

On May 28, 1819, the future bishop was born, the eleventh and last child in the family. The nearest place of worship was at Hadley and Elizabeth Phelps, before her marriage had united with the church there. But she was no longer in entire sympathy with orthodoxy, and the same was true of her husband, who had become interested in the movement toward Unitarianism. He would have liked, however, to establish closer relation with the church of which his wife was a member and presently made a formal request that he and his children be allowed communion with the church "as Unitarians."

The request was refused on the ground that assent would tend to disunion and "would open the door to other errors in belief."

Rev. Dan Huntington traveled up the valley and over the hills, frequently taking with him some members of his family, preaching to the small flocks of ardent disciples the "Liberal Christianity," which was to them mercy and not wrath.

Elizabeth Huntington, on the Sabbath, took her children to sit with her under the old pulpit from which issued vivid pictures of future retribution. The youngest child, Frederic,

never lost his impression of those anathemas. To his wondering mind the streaming tears of the minister, Rev. John Woodbridge, were as inexplicable as the threats of impending doom. In 1828 Mrs. Huntington was excommunicated and began to attend meeting at the Unitarian Church in Northampton. Not a little feeling was excited among the village people by having a family of such prominence pass the meeting-house each week and go to an alien place of worship.

To see the large carriage drive down West street and turn into the Northampton road aroused a sense of religious differences which was keenly deplored.

The occupations of the boys at the Huntington home were various. Regular work out of doors was expected of them and this was seldom distasteful to Frederic, who, all his life, recalled with enthusiasm the days spent on the slopes of the hills,



In the days of the first settlers



Town meeting day

on the breezy meadows, or in the woods in winter.

In cold weather he helped in cutting and drawing the firewood for the house, often taking entire charge of two "yoke" of oxen, driving the teams down the mountain side—unloading and returning. His earliest letter to a sister, at the age of nine, says: "To-day I have been ploughing the piece under the bank with the black colt alone."

Besides this active physical exercise the deeper aspects of nature undoubtedly made an impression on the contemplative mind of the boy. He ever counted it one of the chief blessings in his lot that the wonderful beauty of the valley of his birth and the graceful and imposing features of its scenery were so familiar to him. The distinct outlines and forest-clad summits of Mount Holyoke and Tom on the south, of Toby and Sugarloaf on the north; the long ranges of hills rising one behind another to the westward across the winding Connecticut; the luxuriant

loveliness of the meadows, with their magnificent elms; the surpassing splendor of the sunsets and the majesty of the thunder clouds—all these bred in him an abiding love of the nobler features of the world around. Throughout his life his intense enjoyment of such scenes amounted to a passion.

His sister Mary and he attended Hopkins Academy together, generally walking the two

miles morning and evening and carrying their luncheon.

He entered Amherst College in 1835. In the winter of 1837, following a fashion of the time, and partly for the purpose of helping meet his expenses, he took a position as teacher in a South Amherst district school. Like many others similarly placed he learned, as he writes to his sister Mary, that "boarding round is not the pleasantest mode of living; rather precarious as respects reading, study, lodging, etc."

He easily held first rank in scholarship during his four years at college, and on



The oldest house and West Street schoolhouse

graduation was awarded the highest appointment—an English oration with the valedictory address. That fall he accepted a position to teach in the academy of the charming hill town of Warwick near the New Hampshire border. The following winter he joined the junior class at the Cambridge Theological School, where, in the student discussions, he distinguished himself not only by the brilliance of his style, but by his intense ardor and his aptness in utterance.

In the summer of 1841 he ministered to a little flock of "Liberal Christians" who

engaged almost continually in newspaper and periodical work.

In 1855 he resigned his Boston pastorate and became preacher in the College Chapel, and Professor of Christian Morals at Harvard University, a position which he held until 1860. Meanwhile, he had a growing discontent with the form of religion he had adopted and its denial of the divinity and the redemption of Christ. This was followed by a gradually established belief in the Trinity, and early in 1860 he resigned his Harvard position and became pastor of Emmanuel



Autumn in Fort Meadow

gathered in a lonely schoolhouse on the hills above the Connecticut Valley, in the town of Leverett. After leaving the Divinity School, he accepted a permanent engagement as pastor of the South Congregational society in Boston, and a year later he married Hannah Dane Sargent, of a prominent family and distinguished lineage.

Besides rendering most successful service in his church in the years that followed, Mr. Huntington found time to write a great deal for publication. Books of which he was the author or editor began to appear; and to the end of his life he was

Church, a new parish organized in Boston.

Nine years later he was chosen Bishop of Central New York. His labors in this new field gave him the reputation of being a "perfect steam-engine in his untiring and amazing zeal," and he was noted for "his accessibility to every claim on his attention, his unwearied patience, and gentleness of manners."

After his father passed away at the age of ninety, Frederic acquired possession of the ancestral mansion and henceforth this was his summer residence.

He never lost his keen relish for the occupations of the farm, entering into

the work of the hay-field until near the end of his life. He said that even on the hottest day he was cooler when busy with his rake in the meadows, than in any other place; and he seldom showed any sign of fatigue. When he was past taking an early plunge in the river he loved still to wander along its banks, and was often waiting at the boat-landing for the members of the merry party rowing on the stream when they returned home. He found the greatest enjoyment in the beautiful woodland on the estate, one summer taking much pleasure in laying out a winding road, through which he would drive his guests, sometimes it seemed at the imminent risk of overturning, for being all his life accustomed to horses, he never felt any fear himself. No tangled pathway or abrupt turn or steep descent daunted him when on an expedition across country.

A guest in the house says of her host: "One peculiarity about our drives was that we did not keep to the highways at all. He seemed possessed with a fancy for letting down bars, and taking to fields and meadows."

Toward the end of June, 1904, the bishop arrived with his family for the last time at the beloved Hadley home to spend the summer vacation. During the week that followed he drove once more through the wood-paths of his farm, wandered in the meadow and sat dreamily watching

the haymakers. On Sunday he went to St. John's Church, Northampton. The next morning his first thought was a promise to bring his daughter and her children from their home in Northampton. As he drove down the valley and across the river he remarked on the perfection of the landscape under a radiant June sky, the lights and shadows on the mountains, the rich verdure of the meadows, and the peace and restfulness of the countryside.

In the twilight that evening he sat for awhile under the old elm tree planted by his grandfather, the farm dog on the grass at his feet. Two hours later one of the sudden chills came on, which marked the beginning of some serious disorder, plainly connected with the wearing out of the brain, for his mind wandered from the first and became more and more clouded. On Monday morning, July 11th, the soul was very near its release. All that day the sweet breath of the new-mown hay was wafted in at the open windows, and the sounds of homely toil in the fields could be heard, but he who had loved it all so well lay unconscious, as the tide of life ebbed peacefully away. Before the sun sank low in the west the light eternal shone on his vision.

He was laid to rest a few days later beside his father and mother, brothers and sisters, in the old cemetery at Hadley center where ancestors for generations had slept.



On the way home



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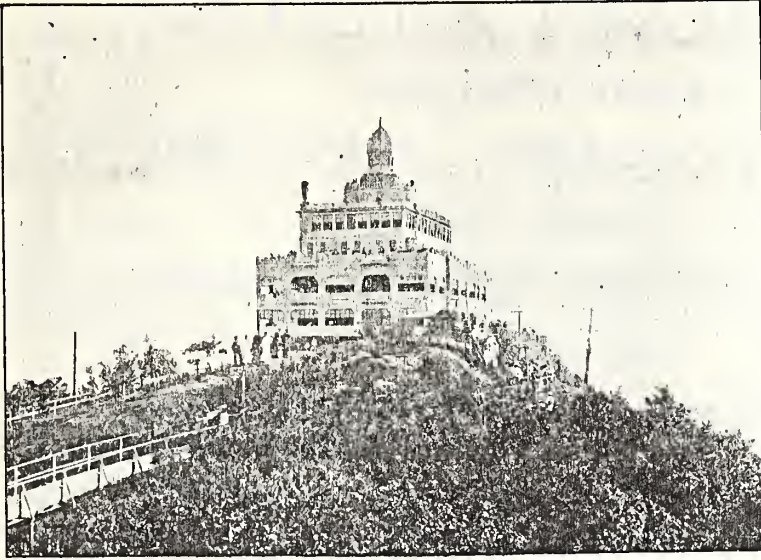
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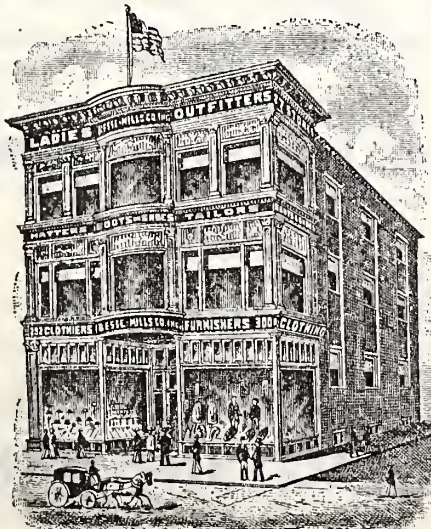
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HADLEY IN LITERATURE

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by the town's history or its environment: .

The Wept of Wish-ton-wish,

J. Fenimore Cooper

Kathrina,

J. G. Holland

The Young Puritans of Old Hadley, and
several other books in the same series.

Mary P. Wells Smith

History of Hadley,

Sylvester Judd

Historic Hadley, *Alice Morehouse Walker*

The list below consists of books written
by Hadley Authors:

By Rev. Rowland Ayres

History of Hopkins Fund

By Julia Taft Bayne

Hadley Ballads

By Arria S. Huntington

Under a Colonial Rooftree

Memoirs of Bishop Huntington

By Bishop Huntington

Sermons for the People

Christian Believing and Living

Christ in the Christian Year

Helps to a Holy Lent

Forty Days with the Master

The Fitness of Christianity to Man

Personal Religious Life in the Ministry

Good Talking and Good Manners

By George C. Marsh

Lakeside Cottage

A Singular Will

By John Howard Jewett

The Bunny Stories

More Bunny Stories

Snuggly Bedtime Stories

Christmas Stocking Stories

By Mrs. Harriet M. Plunkett

Women, Plumbers and Doctors

Memoirs of Josiah Gilbert Holland

By Clarence Hawkes

Three Little Folks

Idylls of Old New England

Songs for Columbia's Heroes

The Hope of the World

Master Frisky

The Little Foresters

The Little Water-Folks

Shaggycoat

Black Bruin

Tenants of the Trees

The Trail to the Woods

By Clifton Johnson

The New England Country

Country Clouds and Sunshine

What They Say in New England

The Country School

The Farmer's Boy

Among English Hedgerows

Along French Byways

The Land of Heather

The Isle of the Shamrock

Old Time Schools and School Books

New England and Its Neighbors

The South

The Mississippi Valley

The Pacific Coast

The Tale of a Black Cat

Edited by Clifton Johnson

The District School as It Was

The Oak Tree Fairy Book

The Birch Tree Fairy Book

The Elm Tree Fairy Book

A Boy on a Farm

Waste Not, Want Not Stories

Songs Everyone Should Know

Illustrated by Clifton Johnson

A Year in the Fields, *John Burroughs*

Being a Boy, *Charles Dudley Warner*

Lorna Doone, *R. D. Blackmore*

A Child's History of England, *Charles Dickens*

Cape Cod, *Henry D. Thoreau*

An English Village, *Richard Jefferies*

AN ARRIVAL IN EARLY HADLEY

A Selection from The Young Puritans of Old Hadley
by Mary P. Wells Smith

Reuben Ellis and his family were journeying from Boston along the Bay Path to Hadley where they proposed to settle. With them were Nathaniel Warner who travelled post to and from Boston, Mr. Peter Tilton, a leading citizen of Hadley who had been to the Bay on important business, and four soldiers. Toward the end of their journey they were joined by an old Indian chief who was going to visit his son at Capawonk.

There were four Ellis children—Prudence who rode on a pillion behind her father, John who rode on ahead driving two cows and some oxen, Nathan, aged seven, who sat on horseback in front of his father, and little Abigail, aged four, who rode with her mother.

On the final day of their journey, somewhat after noon, they came in sight of several young horses grazing in an open spot among the large trees. The colts, startled at their approach, lifted their heads, sniffed the air, and galloped swiftly away into the woods, kicking up their heels and tossing their manes.

"Do wild horses abound in the forest?" asked Goodman Ellis.

"Nay," replied Mr. Tilton. "The colts belong to our planters. We are now in the easternmost precincts of Hadley. All our horned cattle, horses not needed for use, and swine, pasture in the woods. They have a great range and the pasture is free to all."

"But do not the creatures become wild?" said Goodman Ellis; "and do you not lose many by wild beasts and Indians?"

"They are wild enough, and our young men have hard work and some sport withal gathering them in ere winter cometh. They are all branded with the town mark. Wolves are our greatest pest. They kill many swine, sheep and calves; and a bear now and then catcheth a cow or ox. But we must needs use these woods for a pasture for want of a better."

At length, on the top of a hill, the tired travellers drew rein, and gazed with delight on the scene before them, shading their eyes from the afternoon sun, low in the west.

Below them stretched a wide expanse of the Connecticut Valley. Through fertile green meadows wound the river. Each side of the valley the land swept up into hills covered with primeval forest, unbroken as yet by the axe or human habitation. To the south rose a rugged mountain range wooded to the summit.

"What a noble river!" exclaimed Goodman Ellis.

"The savages call it the Quoneticutte, which meaneth 'the long river' in their heathenish tongue," said Mr. Tilton, "and we have adopted the name. Yonder smoke thou seest riseth from our plantation of Hadley."

"Methinks I see smoke also beyond the river in two places," said John.

"That to the northward riseth from the houses of our settlers on the west side of the river, and that on the plain to the west cometh from our neighboring settlement of Northampton," said Mr. Tilton.

"I will oft take thee rowing on that broad river, Prudence," said John. "Nathaniel saith the youths here fashion themselves goodly canoes from logs."

In the best of spirits the travellers pressed on till they reached a long extent of rail fence running along the top of a high bank of earth which had been thrown out of a ditch that protected the outer side of the fence. Matthew Clark, one of the soldiers, dismounted and opened the gate which barred their way.

"This ditch mindeth me of the moats around our castles in Old England," said Goodman Ellis. "Is it for defence against the savage foe?"

"Nay," said Nathaniel, "'tis built to fend the crops on our meadows from our own creatures that run in the woods."

"John," said Mr. Tilton, "I must warn thee to be ever mindful to close the meadow gates. Shouldst thou leave one open, as some of our careless youths have done, thou wilt e'en be fined two shillings and sixpence."

The edge of the sun was beginning to disappear behind the mountains when the little cavalcade rode into Hadley's wide street,

thus barely escaping the violation of the Sabbath, which began to be observed in full rigor with the setting of Saturday's sun.

The Ellises looked up and down the street, which was so broad that the small, unpainted houses scattered along each side looked like two separate villages. A path was worn in the grass before each row of houses, and between the paths stretched an expanse of grassland, broken with ridges and hollows, in some of which large ponds of water reflected the brightness of the western sky. There were few trees, the settlers having cut down most of those left standing by the Indians on this, their old cornfield of Norwottuck.

On one of the highest ridges in the middle of the street toward the north end, stood a new building, whose square roof, rising to a point in the center and bearing a small turret, told the Ellises that this was the meeting-house.

The arrival of a party of travellers from the Bay produced as much excitement as the stately Puritans felt it dignified to manifest. Women stood in their open

doors looking with interest at the newcomers. Grave men in steeple crowned hats and broad white collars bent their footsteps across the green to accost Nathaniel, and learn if perchance he had brought them letters from the Bay or England, or various articles ordered by them from thence.

"I must leave ye here," said Nathaniel. "It behooveth me to hasten to my father's house and distribute what packages I may ere it be too late. Matthew Clark, who is quartered at the house of thy kinsman, Lieutenant Samuel Smith, will escort thee thither."

Matthew Clark conducted the Ellises up the street past the meeting-house to the house of Lieutenant Smith.

Wequogan bent his way to the north end of the street, where, from under some bushes on the river's brink, he drew a birchbark canoe. Stepping in, he shot swiftly away across the broad river, his paddle breaking the picture of the sunset sky imaged in its clear waters into a thousand glimmering fragments.



"Aunt Betsy" Baker

February 8, 1806—September 6, 1887

For nearly all her life a teacher in the Hadley schools

PLACES OF INTEREST TO VISITORS

Landing of the ferry to Northampton at the south end of West Street.

Peter Tilton's Tan Vat was on the lot of Nathaniel Ward, in the present yard of J. A. Crosier.

The first Hopkins School was in Ward's house.

Site of the first meeting-house.

Site of Rev. John Russell's house where the regicides were concealed.

Site of General Hooker's birthplace.

Portion of the Col. Porter dwelling in which Gen. Burgoyne was entertained over night.

The oldest house in town, built by Moses Porter in 1717, and now occupied by Robert J. McQueston.

The colonial dwelling of Horace Richardson, said to have been framed in England and brought over on board ship ready to be set up.

On the west side of the street, a little below the midway cross road is "the largest elm in the state."

Among the houses still standing on West Street that have been used as taverns are those of C. P. Wood, F. S. Reynolds, J. McGrath, the Lucius Crain house and the Warner Place.

On the north side of the road to the cemetery lived Molly Webster, the Hadley Witch.

In the cemetery the oldest graves are on the west side. The most ancient date on a stone is 1675, marking the resting place of John Westcarr, M.D. A group of Eastmans are located near the north side of the old part, at the right of the roadway, about three rods from the entrance; on the left are a few Dickinsons. Beyond them are many Porters. Next comes Aaron Cook, and then several Marshes. The four early ministers lie along the middle of the spaces between the roadway and the western border. Bishop Huntington is buried in the newer portion.

About where the road to the freight depot leaves Russell Street stood the first Hopkins Academy building.

Farther east on the south side of the street is the new home of the Academy, formerly the residence of Dr. Bonney.

On Middle Street is the old First Church with its beautiful Christopher Wren spire and its famous weathercock.

Next to the north is the town hall and then comes the Goodwin Memorial Library.

Near the north end of the street is the old Jewett house, and on the accompanying lot broom corn was first grown for the purpose of making brooms.

The old Bay Road crosses Middle street near the southern end.

On the northeast corner here is the Ben. Smith tavern with bar and dance hall still to be seen.

South of the town on the Hockanum road is Indian Hill, a burial place of the aborigines.

To the east of the hill on a bluff just across Fort River was an Indian fort.

Hockanum, the village at the base of Mt. Holyoke, was the scene of some of the most interesting incidents of J. G. Holland's "Kathrina."

At the far end of the village the mountain descends to the river in a wild trap-rock cliff known as Titan's Pier and the road to South Hadley goes through the Pass of Thermopylae.

Going north from Hadley Center the river is encountered at the end of both the chief streets. Here the State of Massachusetts has expended large sums of money in protecting the banks from the encroaching current.

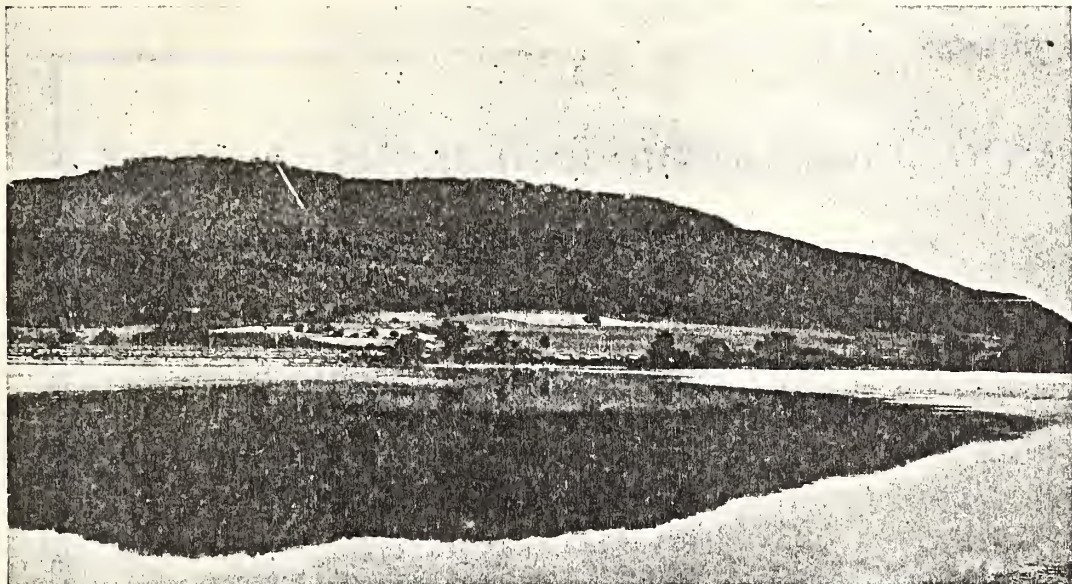
About half way to North Hadley is the birthplace and cherished home of Bishop Huntington.

The oldest house in North Hadley is probably the one built by George Hibbard some years before 1800.

Near where the Amherst road crosses the stream stood the first mill in Hadley.

The large mansion occupied by Thomas Gerry was for many years a tavern managed by Thaddeus Smith.

At this end of the town is another "Indian Hill." It is reached by turning into the road opposite the church that leads toward the river, and is a bluff between two meadows.



THE MOUNTAIN AS SEEN FROM THE NORTHAMPTON SIDE OF THE CONNECTICUT

MOUNT HOLYOKE

THE view from the Prospect House at the summit of Mount Holyoke is not equaled for beauty and extent combined by any other mountain view in the country, its clear view (in extent over 100 miles in diameter) embracing large portions of the states of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Vermont and New Hampshire in the Connecticut River Valley.

The sons and daughters of Old Hadley who now return to their old homes and those of their ancestors to join in the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of the town, should not fail to visit this beautiful mountain, which has recently been made accessible to its summit house, over a carriage and automobile macadam road twenty feet wide with a maximum grade of ten per cent. This splendid road was constructed by the Mount Holyoke Company through solid trap rock for over a mile and is in itself an object of very great interest as a specimen of skillful engineering in mountain road construction, closely resembling the European Alpine and our own Rocky Mountain Roadways. At the summit of the mountain will be found an excellent hotel with rooms for fifty guests and excellent service given at reasonable prices for meals and board by the day or week. Carriage, Automobile and Omnibus transportation can be had from Hadley, Northampton, Holyoke, and South Hadley Center, all of which places can be reached by trolley and steam railroads.

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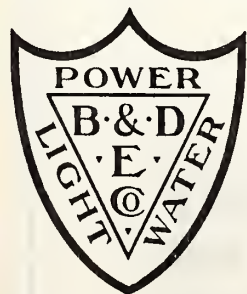
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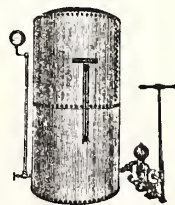
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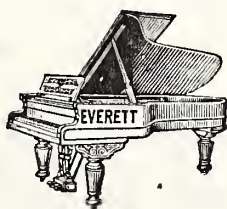
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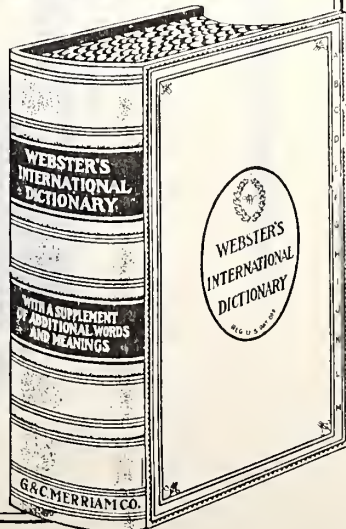
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